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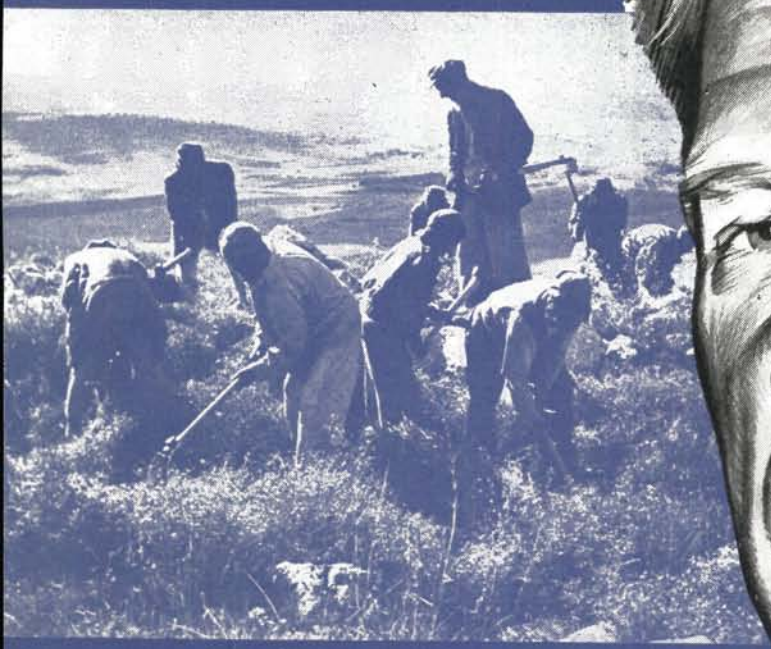
Saturday Review

OF LITERATURE

TWENTY CENTS AUGUST 25, 1951

TRUE AND FALSE IN HAYDN

By H. C. ROBBINS LANDON



James G. McDonald, author of "My Mission in Israel" (page 9)

Television with a Conscience

By WILLIAM BENTON

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Walter Brennan, three time academy award winner, portrays snake-collecting Grandpa Vanderhof, titular head of the family on **NBC's YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU.** From Penny

who admits to being the finest playwright since Aristophanes, down to a slightly bemused Paul

who manufactures fireworks in the basement; the Clan Vanderhof is the same wacky but wonderful family America took to its heart in the original Broadway production. Visit the Vanderhofs each Sunday on **NBC.**

Please consult your newspaper for time and NBC station.

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August 25, 1951

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Ready for the Party

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TRADE Winds

PICKING UP THE PIECES

FROM AN ADDRESS by John H. Crider, Editor-in-Chief of the *Boston Herald,* at the 39th Commencement of Lesley College, Cambridge:

> . . . However you may quiet the young, I cannot imagine a tougher time to embark on a teaching career. I might also add that it's a pretty tough time to be a parent. Of course, I can only speak for one parent, but for him I must confess that just how you do the right thing by your offspring in this age of radio, television, and automobiles, I do not know. To the extent that we parents fail to carry our end of the responsibility, that of you teachers becomes the greater and the more difficult. In fact, I don't know how the teachers do even as well as they do.
>
> Of one thing I am sure—to the extent that our younger generations become illiterate by way of disinterest in reading and preoccupation with audio and nonliterary visual stimuli, the foundations of our republic will be weakened. That is unless the program content of radio and television is immensely improved. But even at its imaginable best, neither of these important media can, in my opinion, take the place of that ability to read and interest in constructive reading which gives to our young the indispensable sense of political and moral values without which they can be only synthetic citizens.
>
> It troubles me because I have two boys whom I have watched growing up, prodded on the one hand by Ma and Pa to listen to the reading of the classics and prodded on the other by the fetching flirtation of radio. We haven't crossed the television bridge yet, and that, I fear, will be the test of our youngest, a little girl now six. But those boys! It seems to me they have been cuddling radios in their arms since they were old enough to understand the spoken word. My younger boy, now twelve, is so addicted to the Lone Ranger that he will bolt a party, his guests, our guests, or almost Santa Claus in person to keep his seven-thirty date with the Robin Hood of the Western plains. But then they graduate from such gentility as the Lone Ranger and become addicted to the blood and psychopathia of the crime thrillers. As a matter of fact, I'm somewhat pleased over the new accent on fantastic stories of Martian wars, interspace ships, and other utterly fantastic dream stuff. After all, if you're bound to have your feet off the ground, you might as well be hanging from a comet!
>
> The older boy, now perilously close to finishing secondary school, went through the same early exposure to the literary narcotics of radio, and only in very recent years—he is now seventeen—has he read anything substantive in the classical field of literature. But, even then, I am convinced, he has read for the most part because he had to, not because he wanted to.
>
> Education, as I see it, is to have the doors opened to the history of our Western civilization as narrated in fact and fiction and to gain that added essential of life, the feeling for the good, the true, and the beautiful, which both the Greek philosophers and our Christian prophets told us we must anchor ourselves to. True, radio and television could possibly supplement our basic knowledge of these things, but could never replace its source in books . . .
>
> I say this as one who firmly believes in the potential greatness of our newest communications medium, television. Its possibilities are almost unlimited, although, as I have said, even though it makes great contributions to the intelligence of our citizenry, even it cannot replace the treasure chest of good literature. I think we will have a real and increasingly difficult problem in rearing youngsters who can read well and really enjoy seeking out the richness, so important to their full deevlopment, that can only be found in books. It is difficult to imagine how a nation of popsicle-sucking, Howdy-Doody-viewing citizens can lead the free world through the perilous months and years ahead. It is up to people like you and me, who are in the business of education, to find some solution to this very vital problem . . .

HENRY CASTOR, exhilarated by Richard Armour's "Jabberwocky on Publishers' Row" in TRADE WINDS for June 2, 1951, dashed off this "Sonnet D'Armour":

> CRO-WELL, O WILEY bard! You DIDIER best,
> But ABINGDON, let's MESSNER 'round
> In NEW DIRECTIONS a WORLD to WYN.
> 'Tis the CREATIVE AGE: our BEACON'S lit,
> WESTMINSTER BELL'S a-chime on HASTINGS HOUSE,
> Where REVELLS mark the DIAL
> And RINEHARTs stud the CROWN
> As HERITAGE for the MORROW.
> Be MERRIAM! LIPPINCOTT is all!
> SCHU- MAN— WHO'd be PHILOSOPHICAL or WISE?
> O, DOUBLEDAY, calloo JOHN DAY,
> SHERIDAN's twenty miles away!
> (But— WATTS about RAND, McNALLY?
> GROSSET errors now be-GINN?
> To CAXTON doubt my PANTHEON's complete.
> HECK! A COWARD, I fell on McCANN!)

A JAUNDICED capsule-critique of present-day novels by J. D. Scott, in the *New Statesman*:

> Returning after an absence to the reviewing of novels, one is struck once again by the ambiguity of their nature. Disguised in poster-like jackets, advertised as though they were detergents, they are, as a class, astonishingly uncommercial. Writing novels is in fact largely an amateur occupation; very few people live by it. Free from the box office preoccupation of films and the official scrupulousness of the BBC, novelists discharge the bile of the office, the dish-washing, and the sums they do on the back of bills, by spitting in the eye of the public. They are notably ready to insult anything which they think their readers may hold dear—the Catholic Church, the Welfare State, the Chastity of Southern Womanhood, or the Martyred Dead.

"WHAT IS THE CAUSE of 'bags under the eyes,' which often occur in patients (notably authors, critics, and café socialites) with no kidney trouble or other known cause of the unsightly condition?"

> This distressful query was received recently by the *Journal of the American Medical Association* from a Los Angeles physician. The *Journal* editors referred the question to four authorities. The four authorities whose names were not disclosed, gave four different opinions:
>
> The first contended that the lower eyelids are normally so loose that "even slight changes in muscle tone or elasticity of the skin" can cause bags.
>
> The second listed hypothyroidism, cardiorenal disease, the aging process and five kinds of allergy as possible causes.
>
> The third declared that baggy eyes "is not necessarily an indication of debauchery and dissipation," though it often accompanies cirrhosis of the liver. "No one knows the exact cause of this condition," he said, but it sometimes runs in families.
>
> The fourth observed that "the 'bags under the eyes' often seen in

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elderly persons apparently have not been the subject of a special study, nor has the condition even been given a specific name. The size of the bags may vary at different periods of the year or times of day, suggesting that the patient's general condition is at times an important factor. It is possible, however, that some occult nephropathies (kidney disorders) are responsible for the bags."

HOWARD POTTER came across the following in an old trunk and wonders whether any TRADE WINDS reader can remember who wrote it—and when.

ODDS AND ENDS POEM

Once there was a little boy
Whose name was Robert Rease
And every Friday afternoon
He had to speak a piece.

So many pieces thus he learned
That soon he had a score
Of little pieces in his head
And still kept learning more.

He was called upon one week
And totally forgot the piece
He was about to speak.
His tired brain he cudgeled;
Not a word remained within his head,
And so he spoke at random
And this is what he said.

"My beautiful! My beautiful,
Which standish proudly by
It was the schooner Hesperus
The breaking waves dashed high.

"Why is this Forum crowded?
What means this stir in Rome?
Under the spreading chestnut tree
There is no place like home.

"When Freedom from the mountain heights
Called 'Twinkle little star.'
'Shoot if you must this old grey head,'
Cried Henry of Navarre.

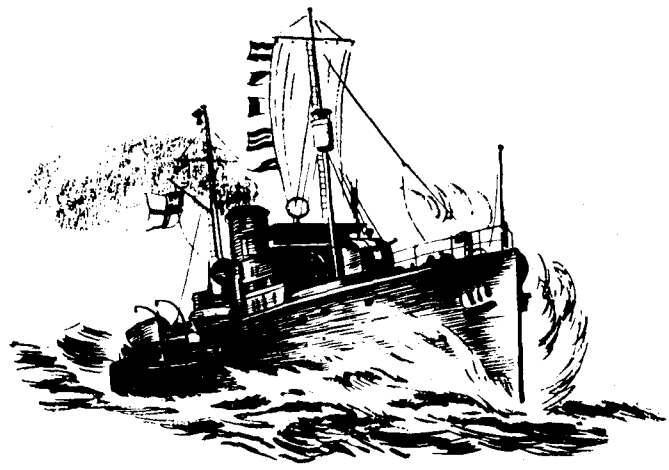
"If you're waking call me early.
To be or not to be.
The curfew shall not ring tonight.
O Woodman, spare that tree.

"Charge, Charter, Charge,
On, Stanley on.
And let who will be clever
The boy stood on the burning deck
But I go on forever.

"I see it does not matter", Robert thought,
"What words I say
As long as I can put them
In oratorical display" . . .

RUTH COSGROVE wants to know if you've heard about the big Hollywood producer who came home to find his wife sobbing uncontrollably. "That famous author of yours!" she wailed. "He came marching in this afternoon, seized me in his arms, and despite my protests, made violent love to me for three hours." "Hm-m-m," mused the producer, "I wonder what he wants?"

—BENNETT CERF.



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The sheer drive of the story is as sustained and powerful as a battleship. The suspense is relentless: It's a matter of life and death, as you read, to find out what's going to happen to each convoy, each ship and each of the characters.

The appeal of men fighting against fantastic odds is irresistible. Maybe Monsarrat could have made as thrilling a novel out of service aboard a battleship, but I doubt it. His handful of men in their little cockle-shell battling U-boats, planes, weather, *and* the cruel sea raises you to the high and noble excitement of the epic, fills you with exaltation, heightens your own powers of feeling and perception, and weaves around you an immemorial, golden spell . . . the spell that makes your spine tingle at the mention of Thermopylae . . . the spell of men who have thrown aside prudence, caution, all rational concern with the possible and impossible, and all self-seeking, and have emerged as heroes.

Julie Hallam, whom some sardonic reviewers may suspect of having strayed in from a Hemingway novel, is a genuinely touching, and believable girl . . . just exactly who, and what and how she ought to be. And that goes for the love story.

The dialogue is better than faultless; it's easy, authentic, vigorous; the obscenities occur with what seems to me extraordinary "rightness", and when they're supposed to be funny, they are, in fact, funny.

So: you've got tremendous story power, an incomparable theme, superb action, passionately persuasive characters, and good talk. It's the kind of book readers have waited for so long that they've almost stopped believing they exist—a book that is such wonderful fun to read that you are—literally—"transported."

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by NICHOLAS MONSARRAT

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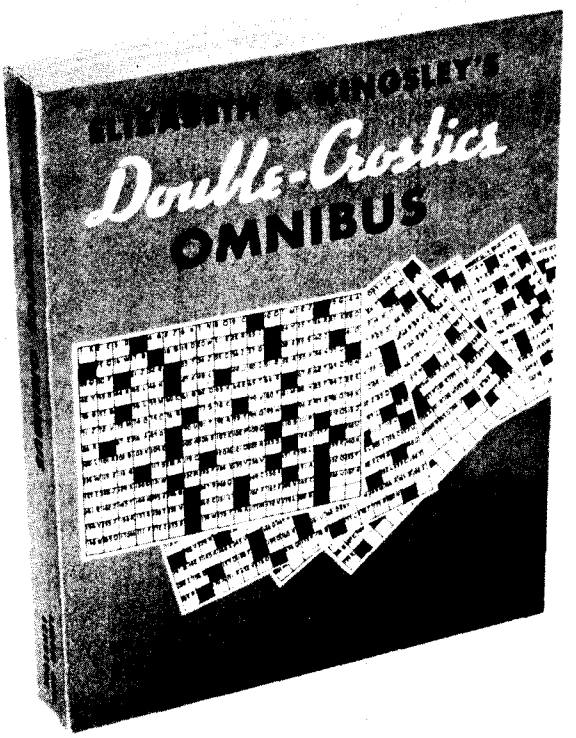

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Television with a Conscience

SENATOR WILLIAM BENTON

—*Harris & Ewing.*
William Benton

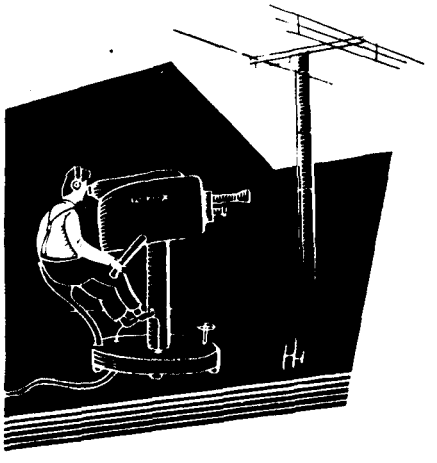
THIS IS THE summer of decision for television. The American people through their Congress, and Congress through its agency the Federal Communications Commission, will decide in the next few months whether TV is to become an electronic version of the Atlantic City boardwalk—or the broadest avenue to popular enlightenment the world has ever seen.

The Federal Communications Commission, which issues station licenses, has granted no new permits since September 1948; it has been studying engineering data. As a consequence, there are only 107 TV stations to serve the thirteen million receiving sets now in use.

But on March 22 of this year the Commission began the process of thawing out the freeze on new permits by announcing a tentative "allocation table" which would authorize *nearly two thousand* new stations—almost twenty times as many stations as are now on the air. The document by which the Commission acted is disarmingly titled "Third Notice of Proposed Further Rule-Making." A more accurate title would be "The Magna Carta of American Television." Under this "Third Notice" there will be decided in Washington the question of who is to control and operate American television and under what conditions.

What I fear—and my fear is shared by scores of thoughtful people who have written me in recent weeks—is that by default American television is about to take the Atlantic City boardwalk road—the road to trivialization—with our TV stations devoting their good viewing hours to vying with a few salable program stereotypes, for the same lowest-common-denominator of audience interest, all in behalf of fifteen or twenty big sponsors. That has been the road of radio, a road which, on the whole, is a dismal one, in spite of the fact that the medium has brought entertainment and escape to tens of millions of bored, lonesome, or dreary lives.

It seems to me that there are three possible developments that might, in combination, save TV from treading the same road. The first is that the commercial television networks and license-holders will learn, or can be persuaded, that it is in their own interest to devote more and better time to educational and public service programs (let us say, for example, 7 p.m. to 9 p.m. three nights a week for adult education and public service); or that stations will be *required* to develop standards and adhere to them, as a condition of securing or retaining their licenses.



The second hopeful development would be a new system of telecasting, competitive with the present system which is dependent wholly on advertising revenue—a new system in which the station operator would produce programs for those willing to pay a fee.

The third is the operation of TV stations by educational institutions.

A fourth step, underlying and buttressing these three, or any one of them, is envisaged in a bill I have introduced in the Senate with the cosponsorship of Senators Hunt, Bricker, and Saltonstall, which would create by Congressional Act a Citizens Advisory Board charged with the duty of seeking, marshaling, and focusing public opinion about "public service" television, with annual recommendations to the FCC, the Congress, and the public. I should like to discuss each of these four points briefly.

The experts estimate that within five years advertisers will spend at least a billion dollars a year to buy TV time and program talent. I have no doubt that the network executives are busy drafting "codes" for good programing, and that they are discussing public service programs. There are many able and remarkable men in this fast moving, competitive industry. I have warned my friends in the industry that they face a storm of public protest if they surrender completely to triviality, and many of them realize it.

But I am not optimistic about their efforts. I have seen codes and good

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intentions before. I remember 1928 and 1933 and 1938 and 1943—the key years in the history of radio.

IN 1935 I sold out my interest in the advertising agency of Benton and Bowles. We had been the biggest single customer of NBC, and later of CBS as well. I became a part-time vice president of the University of Chicago, with the hope of developing educational programs on the radio networks. At the time I left the university to become Assistant Secretary of State in 1945, the university had two such programs, "The Human Adventure," on Mutual, and "The University of Chicago Round Table," on NBC. But I had failed, miserably, in the goal I had set for myself—and for radio. These programs, like other so-called educational and public service programs, had been kicked around by the networks, shifted again and again to new time periods, or killed.

Comparing what was known about educational programing to what was done about it, in 1940 the networks were doing a far poorer job than in 1930; in 1950 they were doing a far poorer job than in 1940. The commercial pressure toward trivialization in radio has proved irresistible. What is there to resist it in TV?

Studying today's TV, the Federal Communications Commission found that in a "composite week" in 1950 only 3 per cent of all commercial programs were of an "educational type." Another 3 per cent were discussion programs. Less than 1 per cent were religious.

In another study Professor Dallas Smythe of the University of Illinois and Professor Donald Horton of the University of Chicago monitored all programs on the seven TV stations in metropolitan New York for one week in January of this year. They found that, exclusive of news and homemaking programs, only 3 per cent of all TV time could be classified as "informational." 2 per cent of TV's time went to discussion of public issues and 1 per cent to religion. "A clear majority of the time," they reported, "was devoted to entertainment programs with relatively low or perhaps negative survival value for the individual viewer or for society." New York is the area which has had the most experience in programing and which now points the way for the rest of the country. Its pattern is disturbingly similar to radio's. It is not a happy prospect for TV throughout America. Yet Professor Charles Siepmann of New York University fears that "we may now be witnessing a peak in television's service to a variety of tastes," since the program producers have not yet settled on a handful of formulas, as radio has.

The magazine *TV* monitored all "crime shows" on the seven television stations in the Los Angeles area for the first week of May this year. They found that close to one thousand crimes took place on the TV screens, the great majority of them on children's programs. "Seventy per cent of all programing televised specifically for children was based on crime," says the magazine. Many of these programs were re-runs of movie "westerns." There may be argument as to just how deleterious these programs are, but no one can argue that television is living up to its educational potential on any such formula — especially when we remember that children are now spending more time watching television than they spend in school.

These programing studies — they are the only such studies I have yet seen — give substance to my contention that commercial television, if it is allowed to mushroom along the lines of commercial radio, without guidance from Congress or from organized public opinion, will never remotely do the great and urgent educational and public service job required by the times.

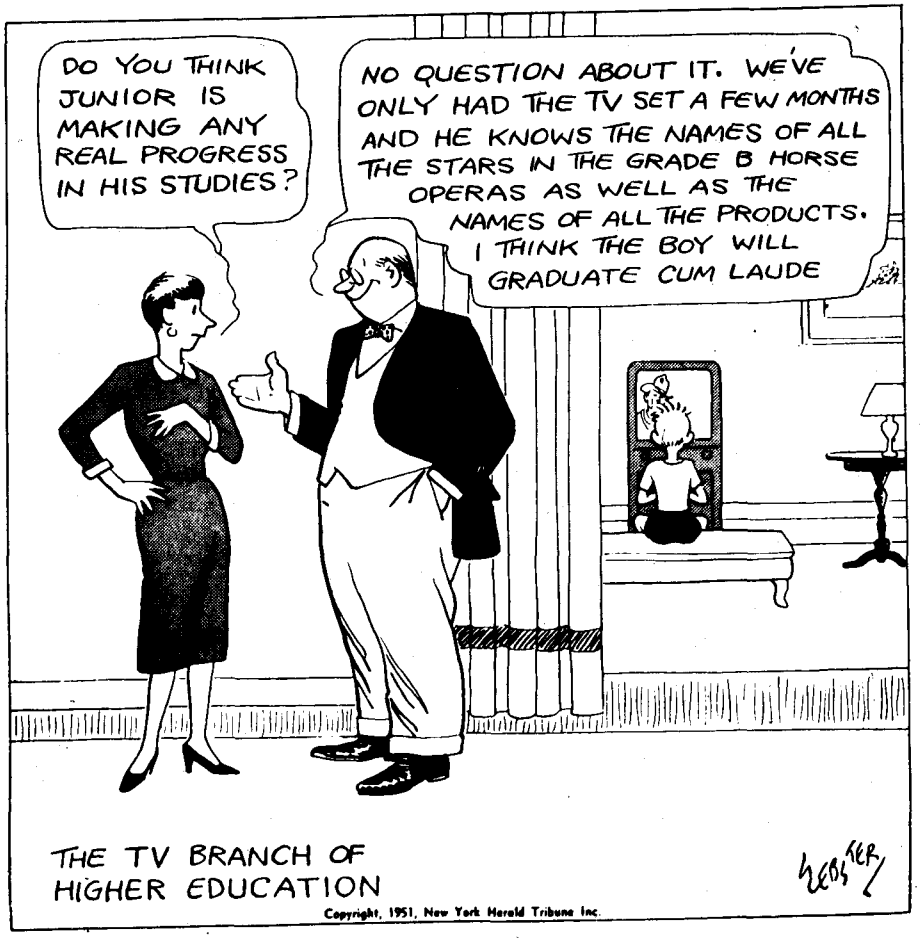
My second possibility is much more exciting and promising. It does not put its faith in begging an hour or two a day from commercial TV—a crumbs-off-the-table approach. It calls for subscription television — putting a "box office" or a "tuition fee" at the receiving end of television. And why not a system in which the viewer orders and pays for what he gets — without any advertising whatsoever? Such a system could and should be developed wholly within the American theory of private competitive broadcasting, just as the *Reader's Digest*, which carries no advertising, is completely consistent with the theory of American magazine publishing.

Subscription TV appears to be perfectly possible technically. At least two techniques have been given engineering tests. In each the signal sent out over the transmitter is coded or scrambled; the image can be clarified only if the viewer pays a fee.

The Zenith Radio Corporation in Chicago was given permission by the FCC to make a ninety day market test with 300 families last winter. Under the Zenith system, part of the signal comes in over telephone wires. The subscriber calls the phone company when he wants an offered program and is billed by the phone company.

Hollywood would not permit its recent movies to be televised, and Zenith was only able to offer motion pictures more than two years old — at $1 a picture. However, the 300 test

(*Continued on page* 30)


DO YOU THINK JUNIOR IS MAKING ANY REAL PROGRESS IN HIS STUDIES?
NO QUESTION ABOUT IT. WE'VE ONLY HAD THE TV SET A FEW MONTHS AND HE KNOWS THE NAMES OF ALL THE STARS IN THE GRADE B HORSE OPERAS AS WELL AS THE NAMES OF ALL THE PRODUCTS. I THINK THE BOY WILL GRADUATE CUM LAUDE
THE TV BRANCH OF HIGHER EDUCATION
Webster
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Israel. *For uncounted centuries the word Israel has stood for a religion and a culture, but only for the past three years has it signified a national state. The story of the bloody, almost abortive, birth of the infant republic is faithfully recounted, the prospects for its future shrewdly analyzed by a close observer and active participant, former U. S. Ambassador James G. McDonald, in "My Mission to Israel." Jewry's distinctive culture and its contribution to the stream of Western civilization are the concern of four other volumes. Israel Cohen's "Contemporary Jewry" and Dagobert Runes's "The Hebrew Impact on Western Civilization" are encyclopedic, sometimes catalogue-like; useful but not completely satisfactory. The story of Jews in America is mirrored—with some distortion—in Morris U. Schappers's "Documentary History of the Jews." The Jewish legacy to American lore has probably been no more pervasive than in the field well sampled by Nathan Ausubel's "Treasury of Jewish Humor."*

With an Eye on a Nascent State

MY MISSION IN ISRAEL. By James G. McDonald. New York: Simon & Shuster. 303 *pp.* $3.50.

By Bartley Crum

MEDINAT ISRAEL, strategically situated at the far end of the Mediterranean Sea, on the crossroad to the East, is of vital importance to the West. If we lose its friendship, we lose the Middle East, together with the oil we so desperately need. If we lose the Middle East, it is doubtful, according to military experts, if we could do more than fight a defensive war. Thus Africa, the potential heartland of the Western world, would, in such a case, be in the gravest jeopardy; and the eminent statesmen, who have followed the late Ernest Bevin's views on the subject, would learn, too late, how tragically silly it has been to build our hopes on a revived Arab nationalism. The trouble is that the rest of us pay for such mistakes.

Now of course no one knows how or why the Jews chose perhaps the most difficult spot in the world for their national home. But those of us who have studied the situation realize that if we are determined—as we repeatedly say we are—that Western values shall prevail in the Middle East, it is only the Jews who will bring those values to this area. In fact, it would not be too much to say that if the Jews did not exist, it would be necessary for us of the West to create them, to get the job done.

One of the many paradoxes of the State of Israel is that its period of gestation was for about two thousand years, and yet its birth on May 14, 1948, was premature, bloody, and Caesarean. Former Ambassador James G. McDonald, the author of this admirable book, not only assisted in the birth of Israel, he was also privileged to watch it as the official representative of the United States; indeed, to advise it, at times almost in terms of threats, in its first three most difficult years. This is the fascinating record of the years of the first American Ambassador to Israel: obviously a record carefully kept, and one which shows the profound influence of our ancient Republic, the United States, upon the tiny, newly reborn State of Israel. Mr. McDonald feels that the American influence was good, and I share that view generally. I think, though, that we were probably unwise in compelling the Army of Israel to withdraw from Egypt in the face of a British ultimatum to declare war if they did not; in doing everything in our power to confine Israel to the absurd political borders of the Jewish State as outlined in the U.N. Resolution; and, if I may say so, unsound in preventing the expulsion of the British-led forces of the late King Abdullah from Western Palestine and the old city of Jerusalem. The Middle East responds more quickly to a *fait accompli* than any area in the world.

Many of the problems which remain unsolved in this area could have been resolved by a decisive defeat of the aggressive Egyptians, and the expulsion, once and for all, of Glubb Pasha, commander of the Trans-Jordan troops,

THE AUTHOR: In case anyone's wondering why a Midwesterner of German-Scotch extraction, a teacher and self-styled "student," became our first Ambassador to Israel, we hear that Israeli leaders feared a Jew in that post would be hampered in Washington by charges of extreme partisanship and in Tel Aviv of leaning too far backward. Furthermore, his work as League of Nations High Commissioner for Refugees from Germany (of whatever religion) and his service on the Anglo-American Committee on Inquiry in Palestine were the best possible qualifications for James Grover (for Cleveland) McDonald, to whom the assignment came as a complete—and briefly unwelcome—surprise June 22, 1948. He and his wife were weary from their trip to South Africa, whose "appalling race problem had so absorbed me," he says, "that I had for the moment given up following events in the Middle East closely . . . And besides, I had just made my first score of 84 on my home golf course and was hoping to reduce it to 79." What happened to them in Palestine is revealed in McDonald's first book; "My Mission in Israel," written there mornings between 7 and 9 and late afternoons, when he ducked cocktail parties. "I had one of the few almost dry embassies in the world," he reports, "and, as far as I can see, it never hurt our business any." The editorial page of *The New York Times,* for which from 1936-38 he commented on foreign affairs, "is no place to learn to write," he says, wincing at the thought of another book. "I should have started on the police beat." McDonald's most celebrated previous writing was his widely published resignation in 1936 as League Commissioner, in which he was the first to warn that Hitler intended to destroy the Jews of Germany and, as far as he could, the Jews of the world. "There were leading articles and editorials all over the world," he recalls, "but the diplomats stood quietly by and watched." Last January, after more than thirty trips abroad—mostly as head of the Foreign Policy Association—and with his major task in Israel completed, McDonald resigned. "It was time to come home and help out with my two grandsons. You can't trust young parents, you know." —R. G.

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from an area occupied in defiance of the United Nations.

McDonald reveals publicly for the first time his warning to Count Bernadotte: "I have fears for your safety"; also the top secret Israel Army Headquarters on Ramat Gan's highest hill, which he visited shortly after Count Bernadotte's assassination in September 1948 to find out what steps the Israel Government was taking against the extremists. There can be no doubt that McDonald's wise advice to President Truman softened the position of the United States on the issue of Bernadotte and Bernadotte's ill conceived plan, and paved the way for a better understanding.

McDonald pays a well deserved tribute to President Truman, without whose unwavering understanding and firm support, he says, he could not have carried out his mission in Israel. Anyone who knows the President's consistent and unchanging position on Palestine knows that this is the literal truth. I should like to add my endorsement to McDonald's words, based on personal experience. When a history of Israel is written, the part which the President played in the establishment of Israel will be recognized by all as major, and perhaps decisive.

At the same time, one can read, on the record and between the lines, that McDonald, as Ambassador, did not have much more than dignified acquiescence from the American State Department, either in his appointment by the President or in his views. As a matter of fact, it was not always easy for the President himself to persuade the State Department to carry out his own views. McDonald, as the President's man, naturally had his difficulties. When, for example, he wished to go to Paris for the U.N. Assembly meeting on the question of Palestine, he received a "firm but courteous refusal." Secretary of State Marshall had earlier made it plain to McDonald that he opposed his appointment. For practically a whole month, in the summer of 1948, McDonald was briefed by the Department of State. Still, he is obliged in these memoirs to confess that "I heard practically nothing about what I was supposed to learn . . . the Department's policy toward Israel."

Thus, our first Ambassador to Israel was almost *persona non grata* to our own Department of State at the career-man level. Not so in Israel, where he was and is greatly beloved.

McDonald's word pictures of the leaders of Israel are sharp, penetrating and personal, based on many years of close friendship and acute observation. President Chaim Weizmann, Prime Minister David Ben-Gurion, Foreign Minister Moshe Sharett, Reuven Shiloah, the brilliant Abba Eban, and countless others, emerge for what they are—men struggling to make the world understand what the Jews have to contribute not only to themselves, but to the world of today and tomorrow in this small replica of "one world" in peaceful operation.

—*Harris & Ewing.*

—*Wide World Photo.*

Ben-Gurion and Weizmann—"to make the world understand."

Though I can give hearty agreement to most of what Mr. McDonald says, I must enter a few dissents. He says, for instance, that "responsible opinion is firmly in control in Israel and has accepted the present boundaries of the State as the basis for final settlement with its neighbors." True, responsible opinion *is* in control in Israel, but I am very doubtful if any of the real leaders of Israel seriously accept as permanent the present ridiculous unrealistic boundaries of the State of Israel. If one could unbutton the flap, say of Ben-Gurion's mind, I suspect that one would find that he realizes fully the military, political, and economic absurdity of any State of Israel which does not include all of Palestine west of the Jordan River.

Mr. McDonald quite properly speaks of the future role of the Zionist movement, a matter of serious concern particularly to American Jewry. That movement, he says, was founded "to secure the birth of the State." I venture to doubt that the Zionist aim was ever as limited as Mr. McDonald puts it. In line with the ancient cry of the Jewish People, "Lashana Habaa b'Jerushalaim"—next year in Jerusalem!—the actual objective of the Zionists, I would have thought, would have to be "Kibutz Hagalioth"—"the ingathering of the people." The completion, in short, of the Jewish National Home has now just begun. And if that is so, the Zionist movement is in its infancy. There have been in the past ten years hundreds of thousands of Jews who have been forced by circumstances to go to Israel. What Israel needs, as all in that land can see, is a voluntary "ingathering" of technicians and experts of all kinds.

The fact is that Jews are commonly supposed to be smarter than other people. Certainly more is expected of them. What is true in the case of the individual Jew is true collectively of the State of Israel. The world expects much of it. What will happen? Obviously Mr. McDonald is not certain. "The future of Israel as a spiritual force is not without danger," he writes, "but it is pregnant with splendid hope." The dangers are indeed very real, and Israel's peril, as has always been true of the Jewish people, is from within. The dangers are two—provincialism and chauvinism. The Sabra, the native born Israeli, is, in Mr. McDonald's phrase, "an original and unpredictable Jew." Will he be able to carry on the great tradition, or will he permit his state, Israel, to become just a banana republic on the shores of the blue Mediterranean? If so, a great dream will be destroyed. But, with Mr. McDonald, I prefer to believe that the new people of Israel, together with the Sabras, will press forward toward the mark, the prize of their high calling; that from this tiny land will come that new birth of belief, valid for all men, for which the world so anxiously waits.

Bartley Crum, a New York lawyer, served as member of the Anglo-American Commission of Inquiry on Palestine in 1946.

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Past and Present of a People

A DOCUMENTARY HISTORY OF THE JEWS IN THE UNITED STATES. Edited with notes and introductions by Morris U. Schappes. New York: Citadel Press. 735 *pp.* $5.

CONTEMPORARY JEWRY. By Israel Cohen. New York: British Book Centre. 410 *pp.* $5.50.

By Harold U. Ribalow

IN HIS impressive, scholarly volume of documents pertinent to the understanding of Jewish life in America from Colonial times to 1875, Mr. Schappes has offered 159 different documents, with introductory comments to each, with copious and learned notes, and with a careful selection of his material so that even the lay reader can obtain what he considers an accurate picture of Jewish-American life in the period under discussion.

Those who are not frightened by many dry documents, written quite frequently in quaint English, will discover a large mass of fascinating material. One can read in this volume a first-hand story by a Jew who traveled with John Frémont in the West in 1854; a Jew who fought in the cause of John Brown; Jews who wrote letters home from various American armies in America's wars. There is an intelligent compilation of documents concerning the Damascus Blood Libel; there is an eloquent sermon by a rabbi who mourned the assassination of Abraham Lincoln. There are, unfortunately, a very great number of documents relating to anti-Semitism, to discrimination and bias against the Jew in business, in the armies of America, in the social spheres.

While the publisher of this volume is careful to omit any references to the Communist connections of Mr. Schappes, there has been a minor storm brewing over this book in the Jewish press, with one historian stressing that Mr. Schappes, in the selection of his material, in his many remarks, and in his notes, reveals a bias against American capitalism and, in carefully culling an overabundance of anti-Semitica, leaves the impression that the Jews in America, even in the early history of this country, were overwhelmed by anti-Jewish bias. Other critics have failed to find that Mr. Schappes has introduced pro-Communist or Communist remarks.

It is obvious to anyone who reads this book carefully that the editor has gone out of his way to find anti-Semitic incidents. A letter by an Army private to a general complaining of discrimination is here, but not a word anywhere about the fair treatment Jewish soldiers may have received. As a matter of fact, in discussing anti-Semitism in the Army, Mr. Schappes blames the American system, or what he considers to be the American system. He phrases it in these loaded, and quite slanted, words: "That there was anti-Semitism in the Army was not due to the just cause for which the men were fighting, but to the social system which put a premium on competition in a framework of scarcity, and thus bred antagonisms."

In giving up so much space in his over-eager attempt to prove that America has, in the main, not welcomed the Jews, Mr. Schappes has slipped up by failing to describe in any but minute terms the development of Jewish cultural, communal, and religious life in this country. In his introduction he invites analysis "of the anti-Semitica displayed in this volume." While most of it may be valid, he certainly has not preferred to show a more balanced picture and, thereby, has given us a distorted one. The book is extremely valuable for its documentation, for the 170 pages of scholarly notes, and for its many illuminating comments by the editor. But it must be read with care.

* * *

ACKNOWLEDGING that during the last few decades hundreds of books have been written on "the Jewish question," Israel Cohen, in "Contemporary Jewry," his eleventh book on Jewish subjects, offers what he considers "a comprehensive survey of all the main aspects of Jewish life as it is today, after great historic happenings." Hence his volume is subtitled, "A Survey of Social, Cultural, Economic and Political Conditions," and covers these areas all over the world and, in the main, quite judiciously.

As the author of a number of detailed studies on Zionism, Mr. Cohen, in his chapters on the founding of Zionism, Palestine under the British Mandate, the Jewish National Home and the establishment of Israel, is clearly the master of his voluminous material. He organizes the vast amount of information well, but unfortunately his dry style does little to make vivid a great event of modern times.

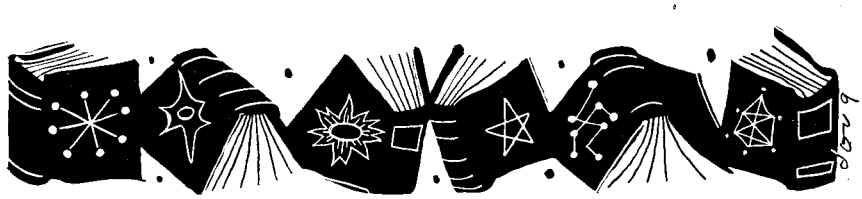
The sections on the population and distribution of the Jews, their communal organizations, their migrations and the spheres of their economic activities are fairly stated, a bit overloaded with statistics and written, apparently on the assumption that only Jewish readers will be interested in the accumulation of so many tedious details, for quite frequently Mr. Cohen becomes too deeply involved in decribing the large number of Jewish organizations throughout the world.

On persecutions, on anti-Semitism, and particularly on the horror of the Nazi regime, Mr. Cohen is up-to-date, although he reveals, in his brief section on anti-Semitism in America, that he is not quite at home in his material and bases his information on facts culled from books or studies sponsored by various American Jewish defense organizations who frequently overestimate the danger of anti-Jewish feeling in the United States. His material on Jewish life in Russia is recent and the lugubrious picture in that vast country is persuasively underscored.

Unfortunately, two sections of this volume dip into apologetics, and not too convincingly at that. While the chapter on the Jewish war record is impressive, it smacks too much of apologetic propaganda; and the section on Jewish contributions to Jewish and world culture is the weakest in the volume. Basing his information—particularly in discussing American Jewry—on a volume published in 1942, Mr. Cohen omits references to important Jewish personalities in literature and art who emerged during the past decade. Here and there throughout the book there are indications that some sections are by no means as up-to-date as they might be, but this is obvious in the cultural section. It is regrettable that Mr. Cohen, like many Jewish writers who are eager to embrace to their scholarly hearts quarter Jews, Jews who were converted to Christianity, and other fractional Jews, includes many not considered Jewish by Jewish communities throughout the world.

All in all, however, this is a valuable volume, full of basic information.

Harold U. Ribalow is managing editor of Congress Weekly, *a publication devoted to Jewish affairs.*



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Universal in Appeal

A TREASURY OF JEWISH HUMOR. Edited by Nathan Ausubel. New York: Doubleday & Co. 735 pp. $5.

By Charles Angoff

ONE SELDOM hears on the stage, on the radio, on TV, on the lecture platform, or in private conversation Armenian jokes or Bulgarian jokes or Turkish jokes or even French or German jokes. Most jokes seem to be American or Irish or Jewish. Judging from what one hears, at least in the big Eastern cities, one would be inclined to say that a large percentage of current American public humor is Jewish or of Jewish origin. "The Goldbergs" is certainly one of the most popular programs on TV, and the Sam Levenson show is a close runner-up. Milton Berle and Eddie Cantor and George Jessel surely owe much of their appeal to the Jewish content of their humor.

Why is Jewish humor so funny? Why do Jews tell one another so many "stories"? It's impossible to answer these questions with complete satisfaction, as it is impossible to state definitely the essence of humor in general. Mr. Ausubel, in his notes, attempts to shed light upon the reasons behind Jewish humor, and what he says seems to make sense. "Twenty-five hundred years of Talmudic disputation and hairsplitting" has made for a good deal of verbal exhibitionism among the more talkative types of Jews, particularly the *nudniks* and the *phudniks* (the *nudniks* with Ph. D.'s). Jews for centuries were frustrated culturally, politically, and economically, and "making fun" of one another and of others is certainly, as Mr. Ausubel says, "a substitute for action." Finally, the Jews being a "people of the book," their humor is inclined to be tinged with philosophy, and hence, witty, which is to say that it generally has considerable staying power.

Mr. Ausubel has brought together a huge number of "stories," jokes, and proverbs from the vast written and unwritten humorous literature of the Jews, some ranging from Talmudic days and others derived from the writings of such contemporaries as Sholem Asch, Ferenc Molnar, Dorothy Parker, Louis Golding, Arthur Kober, Sam Levenson, and of course Sholem Aleichem, the prince of all Jewish humorists who, though he's been dead for more than thirty years, still seems to be very much of the present. No one with a fairly good digestion and in

(*Continued on page 26*)

Fiction.

For your late summer reading, this week's novels offer dependable if unexceptional fare. The little self-contained world of life aboardship in wartime has been the theme of several volumes this season, including Herman Wouk's fine "The Caine Mutiny" and Nicholas Monsarrat's disappointing "The Cruel Sea"; now Robert Travers, a veteran of the merchant marine, offers a middling good work in "20th Meridian." Frank G. Slaughter, the Florida physician who has become one of our most popular historical romancers, successfully combines medical lore and Biblical background in a manner reminiscent of Lloyd C. Douglas in "The Road to Bithynia." Hollywood may seem anemic these days, but Whitfield Cook has succeeded in drawing blood in his satire on the peccadillos of cinema celebrities, "Roman Comedy." Surprise of the week is Louis Bromfield's return to serious fiction with a trenchant portrait of George Babbitt 1951 style in "Mr. Smith."

Babbitt of a New Generation

MR. SMITH. By Louis Bromfield. New York: Harper & Bros. 278 pp. $3.

By Harrison Smith

THOUGH Louis Bromfield is one of the most talented and successful of American writers, his versatility makes it difficult to place him in any limited category or attach a satisfactory label to him. He received immediate recognition for his first novels, "The Green Bay Tree," which has become a minor classic, and "Possession." For a time he poured his energies in the direction of Hollywood and the popular magazines so it became the fashion to lament his downfall into sensationalism and glittering romanticism; yet what were considered his most meretricious works were nevertheless imbued with enthusiasm and vitality. He is a man who obviously enjoys whatever he is writing, whether it is "The Strange Case of Miss Annie Spragg," one of his best-remembered books, or "The Rains Came" and "Night in Bombay," which might have been inspired by Somerset Maugham. In the midst of these activities he turned to his model farm in Ohio, and tirelessly barnstormed the country with a team of experts on behalf of agricultural reform. "Out of the Earth" was called one of the most useful books about farming ever published, and its author has more than once been mentioned for a post as Secretary of Agriculture.

Finally, after a volume of tender recollections of his Ohio boyhood his friendly critics decided to give him up to the soil and his nostalgia. Now with his latest novel, "Mr. Smith," he has accomplished the remarkable feat of turning the clock backward to the Louis Bromfield who wrote "The Green Bay Tree." His title explains the nature of his novel. Mr. Smith is Mr. Everyman; he is the small-city businessman, labeled "Babbitt" by Sinclair Lewis a generation ago, prosperous, popular, a good husband and father, a member of the right clubs. But Mr. Bromfield explains that his Wolcott Ferris is not Lewis's Babbitt, for the typical American has in thirty years suffered a disconcerting and dangerous metamorphosis. "Babbitt, in his way, was crude, but he was healthy," he writes. "With his bumptiousness, his good nature, his extreme extroversion, the noisiness which covered up his ignorance, he is today a curiosity and an outcast. All his qualities have been supplanted by a kind of sickness and confusion unrecognized by the victims who seek escape in materialism, in supercharged activity, and in drinking."

Wolcott Ferris, of Oakdale, a rich suburb of Crescent City, was outwardly a likable man. No one knew that he was sick with boredom, that he hated the wife Enid whose bed he no longer shared. He had attempted one escape through a love affair which ended in exhaustion and the discovery that he was in love with a woman who was a drug addict. Enid belonged to that large class of women who enthusiastically absorb an education in an excellent college but who promptly after marriage rid themselves of it as a snake sheds its skin. As a wife she had no inner resources; she was intensely conventional, boring, and she stuck to him like glue. Their children were created in her image.

Unlike Babbitt, Mr. Bromfield's hero has the good fortune to escape and to

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die with hard-won knowledge of what his life had been like and an awareness of his own nature. The war rescued him from the colorless mediocrity, the increasing desire to drink, the frustration, and the lack of any spiritual or intellectual relief which might have been his fate. The Army was looking for minor executives to take charge of occupied territory in the Pacific, and so Wolcott Ferris became Captain Ferris, the leader of a detachment of half a dozen misfits sent to a small island to guard surplus stores. It was intolerably hot, steaming with moisture, and there were starving Japanese hiding in the jungle.

To preserve his sanity Captain Ferris began to write an account of his life as a citizen of Oakdale and the commander of a group of distraught and quarreling men six thousand miles from home. He became his own psychiatrist, discovering that he had never loved his wife, that his children appalled him or left him cold, that he had found no satisfaction and had no friends. He knew that it would never matter to Enid or anyone else if he were killed, that his death would give her a sense of importance in the community and "she would be able to keep her automobile, refrigerator, and plumbing, and send her children to college, possibly to waste four years of their lives and to return as empty and uneducated as their parents a generation before." He planned never to return and the bullet that put an end to him, aimed by a repulsive "wool-hat" Southerner in his command, served his purpose as well as would any last effort to escape.

In adopting this method of writing of the life and death of a modern Babbitt, Mr. Bromfield may be accused of inventing a mechanical and somewhat unlikely device. It is a novel on two levels of experience, in alternating chapters: Ferris's discovery of his past and the acutely uncomfortable and dangerous present. Would a man who had never written a line, outside of a letter, have devoted his days to a typewriter in an iron hut on the edge of the jungle? Nevertheless, this method adds vitality and color to what might have been a conventional and depressing narrative. As it stands, "Mr. Smith" is not only highly readable, but a trenchant comment on our times and on the prevailing mood of despair and introspection to which we have become accustomed since the end of the war. There will be many Mr. Smiths who will, at least while they are reading this novel, identify their own lives and lost hopes with the despair of Wolcott Ferris, and others who may look toward another war as their only chance of escape.

The Eternal Impact of the Sea

20TH MERIDIAN. By Robert Travers. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 288 pp. $3.

By FLETCHER PRATT

FOR REASONS perhaps not too difficult to discern, nearly every literate seaman of the merchant marine in recent years has decided that a wartime Atlantic voyage aboard a slow freighter brings out the essential souls of the crew. There have been at least five such books in the last two years, and the technique is always the same. There is something about the last night ashore which serves to introduce the leading characters; something of their conversation as they come on watch at sea which affords an opportunity for long flashbacks into the lives of each, appropriately larded with sex passages; an equally long description of the boredom and nerve strain of traveling through submarine water; a brief passage of violent action in which there are some deaths and some characters behaving rather differently than might have been expected; and then an inconclusive climax, with the ship going down or reaching port. Nobody has any control of his own destiny and nothing but physical events happen to anybody. The lesson of it all apparently is that with men assembled from anywhere and moved to nowhere life is a singularly purposeless and meaningless business—or, if you want it that way, a place for good existentialists is in the merchant marine.

The current example differs in no respect from this norm. There is not even wanting the sterling character who was one of the early organizers of the National Maritime Union, or the incapable officer, this time a dipsomaniac mate. That is, the book has been around before and can hardly be called a novel of the first order of merit. But the general result is quite different from the usual and several parasangs beyond. It is not intended to be, and is not, just an aimless slice of life but a story that really adds up to something and has something to say, even if it is only that the rain falls alike on the just and the unjust.

The point is that the just in Mr. Travers's book are never completely justified nor the unjust completely black-hearted villains. There is some attempt to round out character, not always successful, but it is there. The activating event is a storm which, if it falls short of the Conradean level, is still a very creditable storm, and, moreover, it really had something to do with the brief series of actions that make up the essential story, the part that does not take place off stage. If Mr. Travers will write a little less about the backgrounds of his characters and a little more about what their mutual association does to them, his next book ought to be really good.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 427

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 427 will be found in the next issue.

QNODMFJYYJQG SJYY NLLI

O BLFZA, PFQ HJZTLNH

TOD SAON OSOG QBA

ILFDHOQJLDZ LI O TJQG.

—ANDAZQ PNOKOB.

Answer to Crypt No. 426

When you're down and out something always turns up — and it's usually the noses of your friends.

—ORSON WELLES.

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Missionary Physician

THE ROAD TO BITHYNIA: A Novel of Luke, the Beloved Physician. By Frank G. Slaughter. New York: Doubleday & Co. 330 pp. $3.50.

By Edmund Fuller

LUKE, "the beloved physician," the New Testament lyricist, author of the lovely Gospel which bears his name, and of The Acts of the Apostles, is the central figure of Dr. Slaughter's new novel. As a Biblical novel and a doctor novel it combines two traditionally popular subjects, and Dr. Slaughter makes of it an absorbing, well-told narrative which is certain to find a wide readership.

Yet the numerous works of this kind force the reviewer of each new one to make at least a broad classification. So be it observed that "The Road to Bithynia" is in the genre of the works of the late Dr. Lloyd C. Douglas, and through this line of descent, is kin to those of Sienkiewicz and Lew Wallace. Like Dr. Douglas's books, it is wrought with complete, often moving, sincerity; but like them, again, it avoids penetration of its theme and materials much beyond the narrative requirements and the fundamental emotional statement.

What an abyss is set between the rare masters of this type of book and those for whom I cannot think of any better term, at the moment, than the popularizers. This book will not satisfy, wholly, those who demand such brilliance and massive solidity as are combined in Asch's "The Apostle," to take an example close to Dr. Slaughter's subject.

But this is to classify, and not to deprecate. On its own premises, "The Road to Bithynia" is an absorbing story. Among its special rewards is the author's detailed knowledge and portrayal of the arts of the physician of the time of Christ. Moreover, his account of the grave schisms that threatened the primitive church is keenly interesting, though involved with his own special pleading.

The story introduces us to Luke, young Greek foster-son of a Roman judge, a medical student, at the time of the stoning of Stephen. It follows him through the gradual stages of his conversion to the Way of the Nazarene, through his missionary journeys with Paul, Barnabas, Silas, Timothy, and others, to the later years when he wrote the chronicles that have made him immortal. He is an appealing figure, and there is a pathos in his long, gentle love for the convert Thecla, a character drawn from the Apocryphal writings of the New Testament.

Whitfield Cook—"touching extravaganza."

Dr. Slaughter has it in for Paul, and for all the credit he concedes him as the great spreader of the gospel, dislikes him markedly and shows him in a consistently unfavorable light. This, too, is a traditional controversy. Dr. Slaughter is of the opinion that Paul impaired the purity of Jesus's teachings by the introduction of extraneous mystical concepts of his own, including the quasi-Mithraic blood-purification, blood-of-the-Lamb-of-God motif. He shows us Luke reserved on these doctrines and the record as set forth in The Acts.

The book has color and pageantry, with the dramas of bloody arenas and contests between the Christian preachers and the priests of Ephesian Diana in magical powers. It has a dedicated Christian tone, and in spite of the interpretation of Paul mentioned above, it depicts with proper reverence and wonder the collective miracle wrought by the serene and fearless band who were the primitive church.

Solution of Last Week's Double-Crostic (No. 908)

FREDERICK W. DUPEE: *HENRY JAMES*

"I was drawn to London long years ago as by the sense . . . of all the interest and association I should find here," Henry James wrote,* "and I now see how my faith was to sink deeper foundations than I could presume ever to measure. . . . "

* In partial thanks to a group of English subscribers, on the occasion of a celebration of his seventieth birthday.

Hollywood Abroad

ROMAN COMEDY. By Whitfield Cook. New York: Coward-McCann, Inc. 204 pp. $2.75.

By George Oppenheimer

TAKE ONE slice of Carl Van Vechten, add a pinch of Ronald Firbank, a seasoning of Norman Douglas and, to top it off, a large dose of Whitfield Cook's own humaneness and you have a dish fit for those who possess a sensitive palate and a palatable sense of humor.

Hollywood, being rich and narcissistic, has sat for many portraits, but most of them have been, at best, clouded caricatures since their creators have been so occupied with splashing venom across their canvases that you can't see the scene for the spleen. Actually, Mr. Cook has not done a portrait of Hollywood, but a Daumier-like etching of a group of Hollywoodites transplanted from their native hot-houses to a pagan soil.

Rome is Mr. Cook's arena and, with the ferocity of a Caligula, he has thrown a helpless Christian, Cubitt Cheever, into the maws of raging tigress, Anna Stagnaro, the famous and insatiable Italian female motion picture director. And as if that were not enough punishment for poor Cubitt, his author has also burned him to a crisp at the altar of "momism."

It started when Anna Stagnaro sensed in Cubitt, known to his thousands of fans as "The Pink Silk Cowboy," a Chaplinesque pathos, a tragicomic quality. Anna was right, Cubitt *was* comic, a fact attested to by the staggering grosses of his pictures; but he was also tragic, with the tragedy of a forty-six-year-old man tied to his mother, Opal, by "the most chic and most highly publicized umbilical cord in the world."

Naturally Opal went to Rome with her "boy." So did Lady Beatrice Fitzroy, who many years previously had been the young and promising author of a novel entitled "Never, Oh, No Never." Unfortunately the ensuing years had added a great deal to her youth but nothing to her promise. They had, however, added a Cubitt to her admirers.

Maybe if Cubitt had stayed in Rome, things wouldn't have been so bad, but Anna was a hound for naturalism. Their picture was to be laid in Castione, a desolate furnace of a village, bereft of any trace of the effete civilization in which Opal had cradled her son. Suddenly Cubitt found himself away from Mother, faced with a primitive existence, alone with

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Anna, who was, if anything, more primitive than their surroundings.

How Anna tried to make the picture and, incidentally, Cubitt; how Opal fought to keep the umbilical cord from fraying; how a scandal started that shook the world; how certain denizens of Hollywood descended on Castione like the seven-year locusts; how Cubitt struggled to find his manhood; and how Anna struggled to get it for herself make for one of the most hilarious and yet strangely touching extravaganzas in many years, with an ending that makes your hair—and Cubitt's—stand on end.

Fiction Notes

INTERMISSION. By Calvin Tomkins. Viking Press. $3. The trouble with Mr. Tomkins's fluently written first novel is that it tries to make a lost generation out of a generation that found itself years ago. It tries to deal in Jamesean subtleties with characters who are hollow rather than deep. It is an intermission almost without a play.

Jay Whittaker, a young war veteran whose shyness doesn't prevent people from confiding in him like a Dr. Kinsey, is narrator and one of the four chief characters. His combination of muddle-headedness and loquacity makes for fuzzy tedium, but from his endless soliloquizing one gets an impression of an unhealthy emotional attachment for his older brother Elliott (also a veteran). Elliott, in turn, a belligerent fellow who is described as punishing himself even in sleep, has a curious affection for an old school chum named Roger Faxon.

The story opens with the brothers setting off on a vacation to Roger's place in Santa Fe. On arrival they discover that Roger, famous for his sarcastic urbanity, is going to seed in a gaudy way. He wears yellow silk shirts and a black velvet smoking jacket, smiles a Cheshire-cat smile over an ever-present highball, and is in a state of odd enchantment over an older mistress named Camilla Oñaz de la Torre.

Camilla, who is supposed to be something of a sexual Dracula, paints her toenails gold and presides over things more in the spirit of maternalism than seduction. We are told that her lovers, unable to bear her special brand of passion, finally flee her "in panic," an act that seems altogether decent and sensible to these uninfatuated eyes.

Mr. Tomkins fills his story with feverish promises of "unhealthy" things to come. Relationships are "unsavory and unnatural." An air of

(*Continued on page* 28)

Personal History.

Persons curious as to why the sale of biography has frequently far outstripped fiction during recent seasons might well ponder the volumes reviewed below. What novelist bent on portraying life behind the proscenium would dare imagine as incredible and fascinating an assortment of human beings as the eight Maurice Zolotow has assembled in "No People like Show People"? The youth doomed by a heartless destiny to toil in a mine has been a favorite theme of novelists through two centuries; but rare is the one who survives to write about it himself with a poet's skill, as Jock Wilson does in "The Dark and the Damp." Scores of writers who have sought surcease from phobias through psychoanalysis have shared their experience with others through fiction, but when one does not hesitate to write fully and frankly under her own name—as Lucy Freeman does in "Fight Against Fears"—the result makes thoroughly engrossing reading.

Boswell of the Theatre

NO PEOPLE LIKE SHOW PEOPLE. By Maurice Zolotow. New York: Random House. 305 *pp.* $3.

By Russell Rhodes

FOR a stagestruck journalist, writing about actors can be fun. By and large, it's the easiest means of breaking out in by-line rash, for the normal public still finds diversion in reading about these temperamental tots of destiny. Maurice Zolotow, once a *Variety* mugg, has for some years been profiling performers successfully in a pattern blueprinted with psychiatry and sifted with weeks of studying his specimens in dressing rooms, restaurants, homes, and aboard various means of transportation. Having myself hung about dressing rooms as a hired hand of play producers as well as on reportorial assignments similar to those of Mr. Zolotow, I admire the skill with which he has pin-pointed his collection of eight celebrated entertainers, demonstrating mastery of an interview technique that scorns canned, superficial actorial chatter and, in general, draws three-dimensional portraits. When you consider that he is merchandising a class of legitimate extroverts, Zolotow's "No People like Show People" is an accomplishment. A spadework Boswell, he has also evoked a hilarious sketchbook for summer reading.

Tallulah Bankhead ("the actor as absolute") crashes through the opening piece with expected ebullience, single-entendre wit, and an obvious hint that if she's missed anything along this hysterical vale of ballyhoo the reader would be first to know it. Her London triumphs, her clashes with producers, her fire-eating cigarette habits, her stamina, her preferences in liquids, and, above all, her ability to keep a flop on the boards are vividly suggested. "Tallulah, are you ever mistaken for a man on the telephone?" columnist Earl Wilson, in high, piping voice, is said to have telephoned her apropos of her husky baritone. "No," she shot back, "are you?"

Anybody reading Zolotow's view of Jimmy Durante ("the well-dressed disparager") in subway trains or other public spots will properly be pinched for disturbing the peace with raucous guffaws. He has caught the Schnozzola perfectly as a grand guy—in his restless off-stage fight against loneliness, his riotous acts at the Copa, his longing for Broadway, his "cassma-

—From "No People like Show People."

Jimmy Durante—"well-dressed disparager."

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clismic exubilance" and in a wistful glance: "he has made himself resemble one of those dilapidated old men who are washroom attendants or who sweep out the dirty sawdust in cheap restaurants."

Oscar Levant ("the art of making enemies")—not the gentle art, mind you, which was Whistler's—who, as Billy Rose once quipped, "has mellowed like an old pistol," appears as a neurotic misanthrope who cannot refrain from insults, but they're fun to read, anyway. Jack Benny, for the benefit of huitlanders who cannot see much theatre, is "a world-weary man" with scant sense of humor but a remarkable gift for making radio audiences believe otherwise.

Being a good reporter, Zolotow gives the impression that whatever malice seeps through these close-ups was not thought up by him. Frank Fay gets the barehanded treatment as a combination leprechaun and self-immolator as well as a salute to his "song-tearing" supremacy. Also the interviewer's fascination with detail: "He wears glasses for reading, has false teeth, and a scar above his left knee."

Possibly for the first time in print, Jed Harris, only producer represented, is disclosed in a manner understandable to show folks as much as to paying customers—an erratic, megalomaniac genius with too much blue beard who made $4,000,000 in two years and likes to produce plays that nobody else dares to. Said songwriter Harry Ruby, "I've never known Harris to hurt anyone who hadn't befriended him." Said George S. Kaufman: "Every playwright should have Jed Harris once—like the measles."

Among all these unpredictable people, Fred Allen, once the giant of radio, emerges as an authentic, homespun American humorist. Zolotow presents Allen's own comments to his piece in footnotes which sometimes slow up reading buf are witheringly funny in themselves. Ethel Merman ("call her woman") gets the biggest hat-waving in a job that is sheer admiration and, for that reason, doesn't sound as interesting as her predecessors in this album.

Zolotow, who has been psychoanalyzed himself, applies that technique to his writing. He raises the curtain on some of the most illustrious show folks and proves that actors with talent, despite eccentricities (not because of them), are really people after all. If the theatre hasn't bitten you already, watch out!—the little bug is bound to get you after this.

Russell Rhodes is general entertainment editor of the New York Journal of Commerce.

—*From "The Dark and the Damp."*

"What a Little Boy Learns . . ."

THE DARK AND THE DAMP. By Jock Wilson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 256 pp. $3.

By WILLIAM E. WILSON

JOCK WILSON was a coal digger in the bituminous fields of southern Indiana from 1911, when he was twelve, until 1921, when an explosion nearly killed him and he was "blown out—body and soul." Thirty years after, in "The Dark and the Damp," he has written an autobiography of his early years with a vividness and immediacy that light his readers into subterranean tunnels and make them see as few of them would probably be able to see even if they were actually to descend into a mine.

When he was a boy, Jock's first love was hunting, and when his parents told him he would have to go into the mines in order to help pay for an operation on his sister's eyes, it was his feist Topsy and his hound Duke that caused his first pangs of nostalgia for the things he was going to give up. But there was also a determination in him not to abandon his schooling, and a large part of his story thereafter is the story of a struggle to finish the eighth grade, to go through high school, and even to attend Rose Polytechnic Institute before he was finally "blown out" of the mines and made a free man.

In this struggle, Wilson discovered poetry, and eventually Harriet Monroe discovered him and published his verses. He also learned to play football and to fight. Between jobs he was a star for Garfield High and Rose Poly and fought in the prize ring in Terre Haute for small purses. He even did a short tour of duty in the United States Marine Corps during this period, and he managed to get in a little squirrel and fox hunting now and then and finally to fall in love.

But, in spite of these varied extracurricular activities, Jock Wilson's principal concern in his early years was coal digging. He writes about marsh gas, black damp, white damp, and stink damp; about rats, which are the miners' best friends because of their sixth sense for oncoming caveins; about canary birds and carbide lamps and carbon monoxide; about mule-skinners, entrymen, room-diggers, fire bosses, and surveyors; about drilling and trapping and just plain digging. He learned about these matters not at his father's knee but at his side, in the bottom of a mine, with a shovel in his hand; and he learned well, for his father was an expert coal digger and, from the son's account of him, a noble and remarkable man. In the company of his father above ground with other miners, not always so noble but equally remarkable, Wilson learned about other matters, too, such as unions and strikes and the endless war between operatives and operators.

All that he learned Jock Wilson recorded in a memory sensitive to sights and sound and smells. Although he writes about it in the miners' vernacular, he does so with a bright touch of poetry and a light of understanding that make his story as clear to the non-miner as the blessed daylight in which he is permitted to work.

William E. Wilson, professor of English at Indiana University, is the author of "The Wabash."

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Knight. 2. The Squire. 3. Clerk. 4. Nun. 5. Parson. 6. Plowman. 7. The Monk. 8. Friar. 9. Miller. 10. Pardoner. 11. Franklin. 12. Shipman. 13. Lady of Bath. 14. Steward. 15. Reeve.

Chaucer: Prologue to "Canterbury Tales."

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Back to the Jungle

WHITE MAN RETURNS. By Agnes Newton Keith. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 310 pp. $4.

By DOROTHY VAN DOREN

ONE MIGHT think that after nearly four years in a Japanese prison camp, which Mrs. Keith wrote of unforgettably in "Three Came Home," the Keiths would have had enough of the East and particularly Borneo. But this is far from the case. Still in poor health from his prison experiences, Mr. Keith returned six months after he came home. His wife and son followed him a year later. Not because they wanted to go back but simply because war-shattered Borneo needed them!

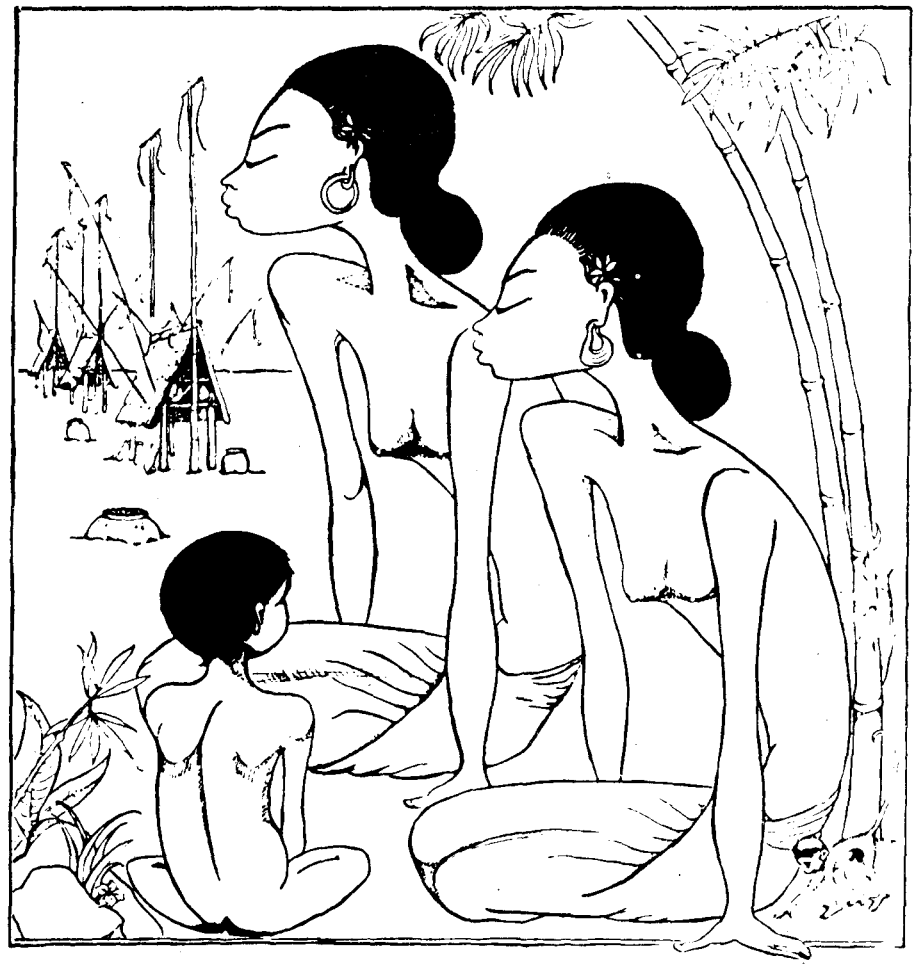
This is the most splendid and most pathetic aspect of the White Man's Burden. A conscientious administrator of a primitive colony will renounce home, tradition, comfort, decency, will undergo the most severe hardships and even agonies of deprivation and self-sacrifice to bring the amenities of Western civilization to a native people —and this is not enough. The native people do not understand the West or do not like it or are afraid of it. Over hundreds of years the West has learned to prolong life, to cure certain diseases, to improve diet, to increase crops. The native of Borneo—or the Malay, the Chinese, the Filipino, the Hindu—suddenly confronted with this strange knowledge in the form of a clean hospital or a new way of planting rice is likely to run for his life, back to the jungle and the comfort of his ancient superstitions and time-honored ways.

All this Mrs. Keith knows very well. She knows, too, from long familiarity, that the East—her part of it—is fetid, dirty, hot, over-populated not only by humans but by flies, mosquitoes, fleas, and other wild life. She knows that the most acceptable forms of Western culture are comic books, the samba, and sweet, fizzy soft drinks. Yet the Sulu Sea is dazzlingly blue, the jungle is deeply green, their garden blooms with oleander, orchids, frangipani, and other lush tropical plants; and the people are like people everwhere, some bad, some good, some mixed: kind, generous, stupid, funny, careless, unhappy or happy, as the case may be.

Mrs. Keith's book is distinguished for her deep awareness of the problem of East versus West, her love for the East's people, and the sense of humor which carries her over the toughest spots. If the "Revolution" is to be avoided, if the white man is to be permitted to remain in the East, if the healing and strengthening aspects of Western science and politics are to be accepted there, people like the Keiths will be largely responsible. Meanwhile, her book is memorable for dozens of reasons: the bat-filled caves where birds' nest soup is gathered; the Japanese soldier who did not act like an enemy; what a young Eurasian girl thinks of the Chinese Communists; the cook, Ah San, who longed to make "fine fancy cake with fancy flosting"; the old man with the ulcerous leg who kept guard over the cemetery; and young George whose playmates among others are a macque monkey, a wonk dog, a tree shrew, a civet cat, a Chinese baby named Gung Ho, and assorted Eurasian pals.

A fabulous land, Borneo; wonderful and fascinating to read about—from a safe distance—but ominous! Its future is not clear; and the future of the white man in the East is still less clear. Mrs. Keith, in this book, presents a first-rate introduction to these wonders, these omens, and this cloudy prospect.

Dorothy Van Doren is the author of several novels and a recent book of personal experiences, "The Country Wife."



—From "White Man Returns."

Not Schizophrenic

FIGHT AGAINST FEARS. By Lucy Freeman. New York: Crown Publishers. 332 pp. $3.

By MARGUERITE CLARK

THIS IS something new—a candid and intimate account of a young woman's psychoanalytic experience signed with the author's true name. Lucy Freeman, an able *New York Times* reporter, could have written a psychoanalytic novel, as others have done, but, she felt "the deceit wouldn't have fooled anyone." Instead, she eased her "insatiable curiosity to know the reason for everything" by making copious notes after each analytic session. "You couldn't put everything in one or a dozen books," the analyst warned her. But in three hundred pages, Miss Freeman has managed to convey with courage and simplicity how psychoanalysis rescued her from a life of inner terror. In easy-to-read prose, the book removes most of the mystery from the kind of treatment that many people need, others dread accepting, and still others have undergone.

Among Lucy Freeman's friends,

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there were two extreme views about psychoanalysts. One set called them pseudo-scientific Satans who spoke strange jargons. The other and smaller group thought they were supermen who freed the troubled spirit with a magic wand. Lucy Freeman's psychoanalyst was neither. She was introduced to him in a bowling alley soon after he left the Army. He agreed to start her analysis at $10 an hour, three times a week. (Later when her salary was raised, she paid $15.) The analyst (she calls him "John" in the book) received her in a quiet parlor of an old brownstone house. He had no nurse, no notebook, no files. He represented no particular school of psychoanalysis.

"Many analysts use Freud but add to his findings from their own experiences," he explained. There was a couch in the room, but, he said, she did not have to lie on it. He used no psychoanalytic jargon, not even the word "association." Instead, he asked "What are you thinking about? What comes to your mind?"

The patient, a Bennington graduate with a rule-of-thumb misunderstanding about psychoanalysis, was quick to diagnose her own case. She must be a schizophrenic, she said, because of her "split personality." No, said John, she was more the manic type. "Your flight has been into reality instead of out of it." She was running faster and faster to keep up with her growing unhappiness.

"I started running in high school, accelerated speed in college, took a greater fury in newspaper reporting," Miss Freeman writes. Her break-neck speed was an office joke. If there was no deadline, she manufactured one. "I attacked the typewriter murderously, venting feelings of hatred on the silent, indefensible mechanism." She rushed into marriage, as she hurled herself into everything else. The marriage did not last.

The faster she ran, the faster the fury was built up within her. She never stopped long enough to ask herself "How do I feel? What do I think?" She was unaware that the important things would remain forever undone until she took time to find out what they were. At twenty-nine, she stood "single and singular."

What made Lucy run? Apparently her childhood had been happy. She had fine homes, tutors, progressive schools, college education, expensive clothes, vacations, cars, and an excellent job. Yet her adult life seethed with unhappiness. A plump brunette in a family of pretty red-haired sisters and a handsome blond brother, Lucy was the one to whom "something ugly always happened." She had acne, bad posture, flat feet, crooked teeth, stomach ache, and sinus. Jealousy of her brother and sisters pushed her into excessive competition at school, but "the medals were little solace for those who sought love." She hated her mother, adored her father. "Why am I so unhappy?" she wailed during one of the early analytic sessions. "Because you do not like yourself. Because you felt that you were not loved in childhood," the analyst explained. "Is that all?" asked the patient, anticipating a more complex Freudian explanation. "That's enough for anyone," said John.

It took Lucy Freeman five years to learn to know herself and other people, to realize that "my mother was a mother, not a rival; my father a father instead of the man I wanted," and the psychoanalyst a doctor, not a father-figure. As she learned, her sinus cleared up, her colds and stomach aches left her, there were fewer nightmares and sounder sleep. She trained herself to move slowly, to speak smoothly, to dress more becomingly. Because she was not eating compulsively, she lost weight. There was time to savor each moment of life, to obey the psychoanalyst's order: "Enjoy what you do, work or play, and relax while you are doing it."

During her analysis, Miss Freeman changed from general news reporting to welfare and psychiatry, covering mental conferences for *The New York Times*. Part of this, she recognized, was an identification with the emotionally sick, "as though by saving them I, in some way, also saved myself."

As Lucy Freeman's book was published, she was ending five years of psychoanalysis. "I have gone a long way," she concludes, "and I have a long way to go. It was expensive, but all the money in the world could not pay for what it has brought me—peace of mind."

A friend told her: "You are no different today from the way you were five years ago except that you are a little calmer." A little calm where there had been no calm at all? "That's quite a lot," Miss Freeman replied.

Journalist Politician

RAYMOND OF THE TIMES. By Francis Brown. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 345 pp. $5.

By Robert S. Harper

JAMES GORDON BENNETT'S *New York Herald,* impudent but well informed, was sixteen years old, and Horace Greeley's *New York Tribune,* a pulpit for its editor's isms, was making his name a household word after a ten-year struggle, when the first edition of *The New York Times* hit the streets on September 18, 1851.

The editor of the new daily newspaper was Henry Jarvis Raymond, a bewhiskered, button-faced, dwarfish man thirty-one years old, whose journalistic genius was already established and whose political future was assured. This is the Raymond of whom Mr. Brown, editor of the *Times Book Review,* writes in what is described on the jacket as "the first full-dress biography" of the newspaper's founder.

Raymond, born on a farm near Lima, N. Y., was the son of an elder in the Presbyterian Church. Graduated from the University of Vermont in 1840, Raymond entered journalism as a reporter and editor on Horace Greeley's *New-Yorker,* a weekly hodgepodge to which he had contributed verse while a student. A few months later, when Greeley founded the *Tribune,* Raymond became his assistant. Thus Greeley trained the man who later became his chief competitor in both journalism and politics.

Greeley, in a petulant mood, once described Raymond as "the little villain," but in his autobiography, he wrote of him: "Abler and stronger men I may have met; a cleverer, readier, and more efficient journalist I never saw." No single newspaper office was large enough to hold these two, and Raymond left the *Tribune* for the *Courier and Enquirer,* a Wall Street paper, where he later became editor. About this time in 1843 (the

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exact date is not given), he married Juliette Weaver, pretty daughter of a Vermont farmer, whom he met while in Burlington.

Raymond became the fair-haired boy of the political "firm" of Seward, Weed & Co., succeeding the disappointed and embittered Greeley as the "Co." He went to the state assembly, became lieutenant-governor, and in 1856 wrote the first platform for the newly-born Republican party. He had ambitions to be governor, even senator, but his masters, Senator William H. Seward and Thurlow Weed, editor of the *Albany Evening Journal* and state party dictator, ruled differently.

As editor of the *Times*, Raymond built with sure strokes. He set up one of the finest staffs, and his news coverage was second only to that of the *Herald* in America. His handling of news set a standard that is still copied.

Mr. Brown has carefully followed his hero in his journalistic and political careers, taking the reader into the city room to meet a news deadline, and permitting him to peek into the conference rooms where political history was made.

The passages that deal with Raymond's relations with President Lincoln are set down faithfully, an old story that bears retelling. But the book errs when it quotes Lincoln as saying he and his brother "ploughed corn" in Kentucky. Lincoln never said that. His brother Thomas, Jr., died at the age of three days. Lincoln left Kentucky at the age of seven years.

Of Raymond, the man, there is too little. In newspaper parlance, his private life has been "played down." Raymond, notorious as a man-about-town, was seen at the race tracks, in the best bars, at fashionable Saratoga, and alone, always alone, in his box at the theatre, watching Rose Eytinge, a popular actress of the day.

Francis Brown—"into the city room."

He barely escaped being named corespondent in a divorce suit (who was the wronged husband?), and Mrs. Raymond created a scene in Washington by insulting a woman (was she Kate Chase?) whose name had been linked with Raymond in gossip. Mr. Brown pictures Mrs. Raymond as a terrible-tempered vixen, while Raymond is seen as misunderstood, driven into the arms of the understanding Miss Eytinge. All the while, Mrs. Raymond was bearing seven children! Actually, Raymond's affairs were the talk of New York and Washington, discussed in the rival press, and mere mention of them does not suffice for a well-rounded biography.

Thus the reader is not prepared when Raymond, at the age of forty-nine, is brought home after midnight by two shadowy figures, who dump him in the hall where he dies.

Much textbook history of the Civil War—it has no bearing on the subject—could be eliminated to make room for more Raymond. After all, it is *his* biography, not the oft-told story of the rebellion.

Robert S. Harper, former managing editor of the Columbus (Ohio) State Journal, *is the author of "Lincoln and the Press."*

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

CANTERBURY PILGRIMS

Cecilia Herreid, of Madison, Wisconsin, asks you to identify the characters briefly described below. Nine correct answers is par, twelve is very good, and all of them is excellent. Answers on page 16.

1. He loved chivalry, truth, honor, generosity, and courtesy. In wars he had traveled to both Christian and heathen countries.
2. He was a gay candidate for knighthood. All day long he sang and whistled. He loved to joust and dance, write music, and draw.
3. He would bleed his friends for all he could get out of them, and then he prayed for their souls. He used the money for learning.
4. She was so charitable and sympathetic that she would weep if she saw a mouse caught in a trap.
5. An example of fairness to draw folks to heaven and patient in cases of hardship; but if such acts were repeated, he would promptly excommunicate for non-payment of tithes due him.
6. Many a load of fodder had he drawn. He rode on a mare at the end of the line.
7. He dismissed old conventions and went to taverns and on safaris and did not dispute that hunters be not holy men.
8. He was the best beggar in his house. If a widow did not own a shoe, yet he would have a farthing before he left her.
9. There was not a door he would not heave off its hinges by running at it with his head. He knew his corn and took three times the allowance for grinding.
10. He knew well that when the song was sung, he must preach and make smooth his tongue to win silver. Therefore he sang merrily and loud.
11. He was a St. Julian truly. His supply of food was so plenteous that it snowed in his house of meat and drink.
12. He was a good fellow. Many a draught of Bordeaux wine had he stolen while the merchant slept on their way home.
13. Gat-toothed and wearing a hat as large as a shield, she sat gracefully upon an ambler. She had had five husbands and in youth had been the center of attraction.
14. He was wise in the buying of provisions and, whether the sale was for cash or credit, he always came out financially ahead.
15. No one could bring arrears against him because he was only twenty years old. Everybody knew about his trickery and feared him as a pestilence.

Personal History Notes

HUGO BLACK: A Study in the Judicial Process. By Charlotte Williams. Johns Hopkins Press. Baltimore, $3.50. Hugo Black took his seat on the Supreme bench in 1937 amid a furor of controversy. Nine years later he was the target of Justice Robert H. Jackson's attack following the dashing of

(*Continued on page* 27)

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A Matter of Emphasis

IN ONE of the eighteenth-century "Spectator Papers" Addison, or perhaps it was Steele, described a citizen of London who was so alarmed at the political situation in Turkey that he neglected his own affairs and brought his family to the brink of starvation. Though the political and economic developments in his own country at that time were disturbing and the news from the Bosporus several months old by the time it had reached him, this unfortunate man escaped from his immediate conflicts and responsibilities by projecting his thoughts two thousand miles away. There is a lesson in this little parable for most of us today that may explain some of the phenomena observable in contemporary America.

Although only a minute fraction of the people have any influence over the course of national or international events, it is far more satisfying to be alarmed at what is going on in Asia or Russia than to look into what is wrong with our domestic life, or with the city hall, or the schools of our own towns or cities. The great majority of us who obey the rules and conventions of the communities in which we live would be forced to take some kind of action or stand on personal or local affairs if we did so. It is easier to tolerate unhappiness and misrule at home when there are in remote countries more dramatic violations of the laws on which human conduct should be governed.

A large percentage of the material published in newspapers and magazines today is concerned with the menacing international situation. Its tenor changes from day to day, or is expressed in contradictory and equally emphatic terms in rival papers or in the books published in a single week. Will there be a truce made in Kaesong next week or next year? Is there a Chinese-Russian conspiracy to delude or exhaust the West? Is Mao's breed of Communism dictated by the Kremlin, or is he an Oriental Tito? Is there a strong underground movement in Poland and the Balkans, or is this only wishful thinking? Does the Voice of America affect millions behind the Iron Curtain? Should we secure air and naval bases in Spain at the risk of strengthening Franco's hold on the country and of alienating England and France? Then there is that larger question that hovers like an approaching thunderstorm over the conception of total war: Should the atomic bomb be used as an essentially military weapon to destroy enemy concentrations, bases, and war factories, or should it be used to blast the populations of great cities? Indeed, the atomic bomb appears in the press and disappears again with remarkable regularity. It is brought out from time to time to lend strength to the argument that Russia has no intention of engaging in a world war, or conversely that the Kremlin is only waiting until Russia's stockpile of atomic weapons is sufficient suddenly to destroy our major cities.

It is no wonder that this continual barrage of portentous and unanswerable questions is having its effect on the sanity and the behavior of a large part of the public. Any psychiatrist can point to the increasing number of people who are tortured with anxiety complexes and ridden by nightmares. It is also revealed in the enormous increase in the number of crackpots who write threatening and obscenely libelous letters to the President, the Secretary of State, members of Congress, and other public men, so that the task of hunting them down and protecting Government officials has overwhelmed all of our secret service organizations.

THERE seems to be no answer to this problem. It is difficult to decide whether it is simply an immense increase in the lunatic fringe or a deeply-seated neurosis afflicting millions. Nor is there any immediate cure for it. The newspapers cannot be prevented from seeking headlines, the columnists from discovering new threats to peace and our continued existence as a free country, or the writers of novels from picturing us as a neurotic people.

There is of course some danger that if the public becomes used to this awesome cacophony it will turn a deaf ear to our attempts to arm and strengthen the anti-Communist world. But it is far more likely that in the minds of the majority the great debate has already been settled. Within one year of a national election both Republicans and Democrats are supporting the continuation and expansion of the war effort and foreign relief. The violent political disputes are concerned not with isolationism but with the proportional distribution of the taxes that will be raised to support this vast effort. This solid achievement, which may have prevented a world war and saved the democracies of Europe from extinction, has not been accomplished easily or without the alarming loss of tranquility.

The eighteenth-century Englishman who was ruined by his fear of what was going on in Turkey has his counterpart in the vast number of twentieth-century Americans who are more concerned with their fear of Communism than with their own community or their own affairs. The lack of integrity in civic and national politics, the indifference of the public to the dishonesty of our elected officials can be explained by a sentence from Edward Crankshaw's book, "Cracks in the Kremlin Wall": "One of the tragedies of our times is that we seem unable to accept the cost of arming until we have lashed ourselves into a hysteria of fear and hatred."

—H. S.

Good News

▸ An American Academy for Asian Studies was created recently in San Francisco, for the purpose of promoting international understanding between Americans and the peoples of Asia. This institution will offer its students the opportunity to develop a comprehensive picture of the cultures of Asia. They also will obtain specialized knowledge of any particular Asian area they choose to study. The Academy will provide practical training for leaders in government, education, industry, and social work.

▸ Two Tokyo high schools now have concrete evidence of the community of interest among young people all over the world. The 1950 graduating class of A. B. Davis High School in New York recently contributed one hundred dollars as a gift, through the intermediary of UNESCO, to the school children of Japan. Two war-damaged schools in Tokyo were picked as the recipients. Now, one of these schools has bought a steel tape recorder while the other has reprints of world masterpieces in painting made available by UNESCO.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Veneer of Language

SIR: A. M. Sullivan ["The Poet in Search of His Audience," *SRL* July 21] could hardly have over-emphasized the need for more clarity in modern poetry, that is, if that branch of our literature is ever to reach a wider audience than it does at present. Yet I find his insistence on childhood imagery and the lack of such imagery among adults, once the "veneer of language" has been acquired, somewhat misleading. Neither idiom nor maturity of themselves contribute to the deadening of the imagination.

The adult is no less sensitive to his environment than the child. In fact, I can see no exaggeration in the belief that his perceptions are actually far more abundant both quantitatively as well as qualitatively than those of the latter. Only because he has been educated within the confining traditions of language and respectability does he find it more difficult to give sensible expression to his observations than the relatively primitive youngster.

JACK LINDEMAN.

Philadelphia, Pa.

The American Churchill

SIR: I have some information about the American Winston Churchill that will in part answer Upton Sinclair's query [LETTERS, *SRL* June 9].

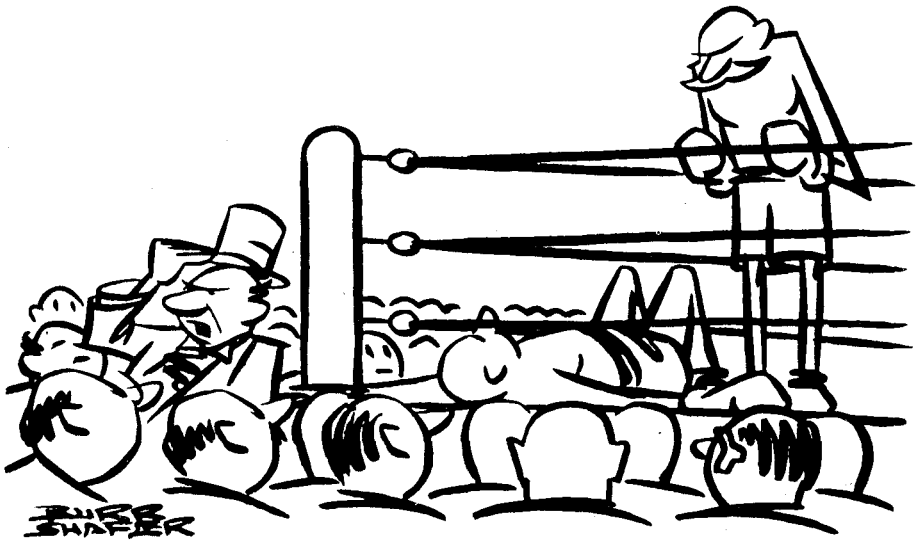
In 1941 George Weida Spohn (1879-1943), for many years chairman of the Department of English at St. Olaf College in Northfield, Minnesota, asked Winston Churchill for permission to write a critical biography. The novelist invited Dr. Spohn to call on him at his summer home in Vermont. As Dr. Spohn's academic foster son, I was privileged to accompany him on the journey. Mr. Churchill was impressed by Mr. Spohn and consented that the work be undertaken. That day we hauled back to the Spohns' lake home near Laconia, N.H., a great bundle of letters and notebooks. Later in the year Mr. Churchill shipped several boxes of material.

At the time of his death Dr. Spohn had completed several chapters. His widow, Lucy Tyler Spohn, felt that the project should be finished. She suggested that I write to Mr. Churchill to find out whether he would agree to the proposal that I try to finish the work. In a letter dated 23 May 1946, Mr. Churchill wrote that he wanted to be wholly frank: he confessed to being "profoundly relieved because circumstances have so fallen out that I can now say that I do not wish my biography written by anyone." He said he had "respect and liking for Mr. Spohn and did not question his ability," but added that "there is no one in the world I would let write it now." He insisted graciously that he would have let me write the biography if he wanted one done. He had taken Mr. Spohn on faith and would have taken me in the same way.

He said he had spent the last twenty-seven years of his life in an attempt to eliminate publicity. He now realized that consenting to the writing of his biography was weakness on his part. He requested that I return the papers he had sent—"Not that I ever expect to use them, but I should like to have them here."

HJALMAR O. LOKENSGARD.

Mankato, Minn.



THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"I paid good money for this seat, and here it's over after only forty-two rounds."

What's Going On?

SIR: Teachers Strike in Wapucket, Rhode Island. That's a lot of nerve. Where the hell do teachers get up the nerve to form a picket line in front of a school building? Is this setting a good example to our kiddies?

Teachers stop extra-curricular activities in the New York City high schools. This is nothing but sheer and purest impudence. And, yes, cruelty. What will happen to the well-rounded education of our youth?

What's happening to these pedagogues? Joining unions. Picketing. Stoppages. Talking back to their superiors. What's happening? Won't somebody answer? Just look at those teachers at a mass meeting, applauding their fiery spokesmen with a noise and a passion so undignified. Read the little magazines put out by these organized and organizing teachers. Cartoons and poetry and editorials and essays—all shouting and declaiming and lampooning. What's going on in this country? Do they teach such rebellion in the colleges? Who are these professors that give such courses? What are they up to? Do colleges give degrees to people who when they become teachers join unions and picket lines? What's happening? Will somebody furnish an answer?

Maybe it's the fault of such magazines like the *Saturday Review of Literature*, where minds and souls are uprooted from the dignity and the reserve and staticity that belong to a cherished and conservative tradition.

MARTIN WOLFSON.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Perils of Browsing

SIR: A few days ago you printed a letter from someone who is finding it hard these days to browse in a bookstore. That person has hit upon a very important point in today's book business. It *is* hard to browse in a bookstore today. First, the stores aren't built for browsing anymore; second, the clerks, instructed by the management, expect people to buy when they come in. Further, the clerks, again instructed by the management, are after the last cent you've got in your pocket. They're supposed to get it.

Further still, the clerks and the management no longer care much about books, as books; they don't have time. They care first and foremost about the money they can make, no matter how they make it, from what or from whom. But perhaps I shouldn't include the clerks in that last sentence. Some of them do still care about books, and none of them make a bare living from their work anyway, no matter what they do.

I suppose it's silly these days to plead for ideals in business, but once upon a time there were ideals in the book business. At least I think there were. I remember that once, long ago, in the store where I work the clerks were not even allowed to approach a person who entered the store until he came and asked for help, if he happened to do so. Maybe we can't go back to that, but it would still be a good project for some concern to try putting a few of the old practices back, somewhere, someway.

ELISABETH MCLAUGHLIN.

Boston, Mass.

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TV and Radio

PLEASURES MIXED WITH CHAGRIN

I WAS PLEASED on a recent Friday to find "Studs' Place" again, a Chicago TV origination. I found it on ABC at a late night spot, still unsponsored, plugging house commercials. "Studs' Place" deserves a sponsor. A warm, believable, situation comedy-drama, it is the only program on the air with the credit at the end: "Dialogue by the cast." Studs Terkel, Beverly Younger, Win Stracke, and Chet Roble, playing themselves as the proprietor and staff of a small Chicago restaurant, contribute, *commedia dell'arte* style, sensitive improvisations in speech and stage business. The accent is on people—their genuine variety, their daily bread of simple problems, and their gentle but un-Saroyanlike affections. The plots may be thin but the character insight is substantial. Adult lines are plentiful, to wit, these examples from a show the other night, in which Studs's staff tried to talk the reluctant restaurateur into hiring a publicity agent: "You wouldn't catch Toffenetti's taking such an attitude" and "Even the American Medical Association has a publicity agent. Whose job can be more elusive?"

"Studs' Place" was first presented on NBC-TV: for a time it had a local Chicago sponsor. Then it went sustaining and got the network stepchild treatment—catch-as-catch-can changes of time, unannounced cancellations, etc. . . . Its switch to ABC was no help. Hunting a booted-around TV-sustainer is as discouraging as trying to exorcise a horizontal flicker on a stormy night. ABC has a property here that could jingle-jangle: all it needs is a smart, small spur and an anchor.

Pleasure mixed with chagrin was the reaction to my first audience with ABC's new Friday night "Defense Attorney" (Radio), starring the gifted actress, Mercedes McCambridge, as a Portia Rides Again. For years Miss McCambridge labored in the New York-Hollywood AM hustings, unsung, unstarred but steadily employed. Then Robert Rossen pegged her for that sharp, female political gamecock role in the film "All the King's Men," and Mercedes McCambridge was in lights, one of the rewards being a radio show of her own. The pleasure is her much merited success—the chagrin is her show.

Miss McCambridge is cast as Martha Ellis Bryant,—"law as a career . . . defense of the defenseless . . . fully aware of responsibility to client and to you . . ."—and so on and nonsense forth. Take the time Martha Ellis was neckline-deep in a basketball-fix murder. She snared the guilty parties with that oven-fresh ruse of the fake headline (her fiance is the convenient newspaper reporter) and she successfully untarnished the memory of the corpse, a former basketball hero gone wrong, in the mind of his hero-worshiping, military-academy son. She did all this without her day—not even a moment—in court, among the pedestrian clutter of briefs, pleadings, and cross-examinations. Martha Ellis needs no machinery of justice. Martha Ellis is the lady incarnate, *sans* scales, *sans* blindfold, but not *sans* closing clincher: "It was a tough case, but we won. I guess the defense rests." There ought to be a law requiring worthy vehicles for talented performers who make that long radio grade.

Airy contempt for the facts of legal life reaches a hugger-mugger low in "A Life in Your Hands," an ABC Friday night sequel to Martha Ellis, starring Lee Bowman and created by Earl Stanley Gardner (the Perry Mason author; himself a lawyer). Mr. Bowman is *amicus curiae*. Prosecutor and Defense Attorney vanish utterly when he sets friendly foot in the State's courtroom. His Honor is impressed, almost reverent. Mr. Gardner, an *amicus* himself in real life, may be carrying on his crusade for honest trial testimony with this program, but the most recent lance (broken in his name) was incredibly hack and pulp.

NBC-TV recently provided an early afternoon pleasure capsule in its new Washington, D.C. (WNET) origination, "History in Your Hand," with Joseph Fields, Colton Storm, and David C. Mearns, Director of Research for the Library of Congress. "History in Your Hand" is produced in cooperation with the National Society of Autograph Collectors. Host Charles F. McCarthy panels guest scholars and collectors on historically significant documents and letters. The paneling I observed discussed letters written by Paul Revere's wife, Rachel, and John Adams, quotations from Samuel Adams and Thomas Jefferson, and the Declaration of Independence. The commentary was learned, informal, and refreshingly accurate—a trade-wind blowing away the Parson Weems, plaster-saint fog which generally obscures the founding fathers in pious radio canonizations.

It was good to hear, for example, the humanizing truth that several of the Declaration's signers affixed their names to the document with regret, that others were lukewarm, and that some members of the Continental Congress even went home rather than sign. More of this sort of thing could help spread genuine respect for the men who shaped the Nation's origin rather than lip-service devotion.

The Scientific Fiction League of America had its hand on ABC-TV in the premiere of an appalling "thing" called "Tales from Tomorrow." "Verdict from Space" was the first pro-

"What about this barrack's rumor you're putting me in your war novel?"

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gram title in this new fantasy series, and the space ships that delivered the starry judgment vindicated a heat-torch inventor (Lon McCallister) but inadvertently destroyed the world. Not for long, though: the producers would certainly put it together again for the next week's coming attraction —"a scientist's blunder which may mean death to us all." If, as the program suggested, "someone in the universe has been watching us for a million years" preparatory to planetary invasion, "things" like "Verdict from Space," crudely written, staged, and acted, are our best weapons with which to repel them in horror.

A REPEAT of original excitement was NBC-TV's Sunday night "Recital Hall" featuring Ania Dorfman, the pianist, in a program which included works by Scarlatti, Mendelssohn, Faure, and Chopin. I had reacted enthusiastically the first time I saw this straightforward video simulation of the setting, content, and manner of a concert with baritone William Warfield as the artist, but I had wondered whether the effect was uniquely Mr. Warfield's or generic to the program.

Miss Dorfman silenced the doubt. "Recital Hall" is the first regular TV program I have seen (other than the rowdy "Roller Derby") that approaches an authentic art form. That it is disarmingly simple should surprise no one looking for a video Messiah in more pretentious directions. The producers have observed rule No. 1 of art—they have accepted the challenge of limitations, in this case, the restricted area of movement, the single grand piano, and the figure of the soloist.

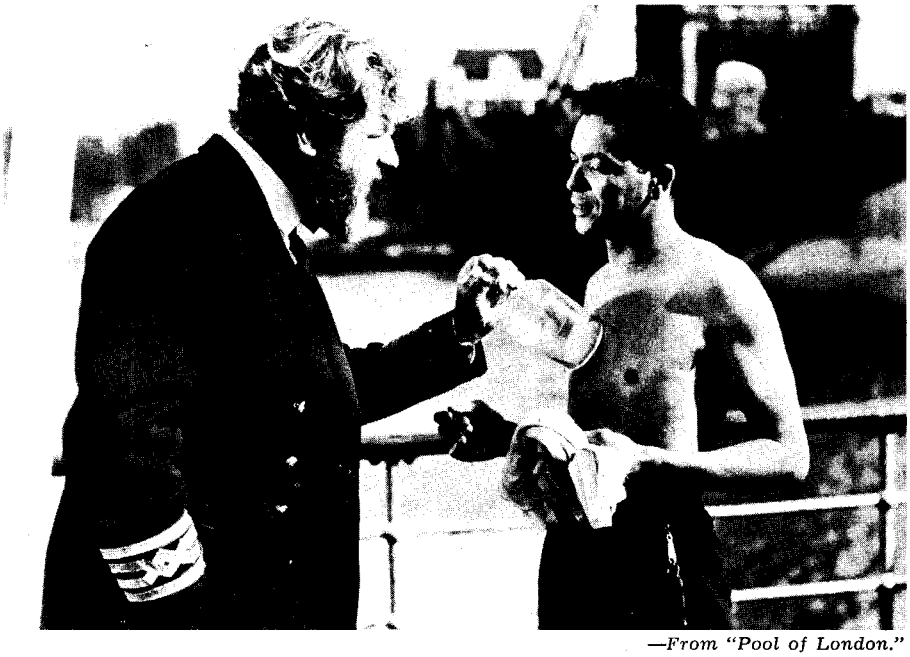
Forced to dwell repetitively on the same objects, they achieve, intentionally or not, patterns and relationships in which some semblance of design may be perceived. The viewer, to be sure, must make his own contribution: this also makes it an art experience. It is quite possible to look at the screen and see nothing but a pianist playing. It is also possible and rewarding to follow the director's cutting and panning of cameras in harmony with the musical phrasing, to observe the dance of the soloist's hands reflected in the mirrored wood above the black and white keys, and to enjoy the restful dignity and discipline of the program, not to speak of the artistry and beauty of the music.

It would seem to this observer that the palette of shot possibilities could be broadened by solving the problem of microphone placement to permit views across and into the full piano, without invalidating the basic restrictions of the cameras' field of action.

—Robert Lewis Shayon.

SRL Goes to the Movies

A RASH OF COMEDIES



—From "Pool of London."

James Robertson Justice and Earl Cameron—"a little wiser and unhappier."

JUST WHEN I was petulantly wondering what all the shouting was about on behalf of the comedy team of Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis, along they came in a Paramount movie called "That's My Boy." It has increased rather than decreased my wonderment. They seemed easy enough to take, but only remotely hilarious, although competent sources have assured me they are up to different sorts of shenanigans when seen in person. But to judge from his actions in this picture it is dubious whether Dean Martin can properly be called a comedian at all: as a straight man he is extremely straight and in general somewhat less annoying than Bud Abbott. It's Jerry Lewis who seems to be the funny one. He made me laugh twice. But unless you are led to believe there is no comedy to speak of in "That's My Boy," it is cheering to note that Eddie Mayehoff is prominently present. You may remember him as the stuffy Fire Island resident in "Season in the Sun," and here, as a former football hero unable to forget his days of glory and as the disappointed father of Jerry Lewis, a sickly son he wishes to follow in his touchdown footsteps, he achieves a very wry comic portrait, fairly stock though it is (viz. "The Male Animal").

The script isn't much help to him, since it deals in a conventional, almost soporific way with what Hollywood assumes is college life. As a freshman football star Dean Martin looks approximately fifteen years older than he ought to, and the farce, based on the psychosomatic difficulties of Jerry Lewis who, sensibly I thought, preferred animal husbandry to football, only becomes agreeable when Eddie Mayehoff is participating in it .

* * *

"Here Comes the Groom" (there are a rash of comedies to consider this week) is farce of a higher order, since it brings us the likable personalities of Jane Wyman and Bing Crosby, but I failed to take to this movie as I have taken in the past to the work of Frank Capra, who has produced and directed it, again for Paramount. Bing plays, in his usual easy-going way, a Boston newspaperman who has been abroad for three years and who brings home with him two orphaned French children. During all that time he has been engaged to Jane Wyman, a secretary in a Boston real estate firm, and now he has exactly one week in which to marry her, for as a single man he cannot keep the children in the country for longer than that period of time. That's the movie gimmick, anyway.

The rub is, that Jane Wyman, who bears the unlikely name of Emmadel Jones, has pardonably grown tired of waiting for good, old, easy-going Bing and has gotten herself engaged to marry that very same week her rich, likable, young, and handsome boss,

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RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
Showplace of the Nation
Rockefeller Center

"SHOW BOAT"
starring
KATHRYN GRAYSON · AVA GARDNER
HOWARD KEEL
with JOE E. BROWN
MARGE and GOWER CHAMPION
Robert Sterling · Agnes Moorehead
William Warfield
Color by TECHNICOLOR
From the Immortal Musical Play "SHOW BOAT"
by JEROME KERN
and OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II
Based on EDNA FERBER'S Novel
Screen Play by John Lee Mahin
Directed by George Sidney
Produced by Arthur Freed
An M-G-M Picture

ON THE GREAT STAGE — "SUMMER MEDLEY" — A gala new revue, produced by Russell Markert . . . settings by James Stewart Morcom . . . with the Corps de Ballet, Choral Ensemble, Rockettes and the Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Raymond Paige.

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20th CENTURY FOX presents
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MILTON BERLE
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★
and look who's with him
DAGMAR

Roxy
7th Ave. & 50th St.

scion of a Back Bay family. An eminently suitable choice for her, too, even though of the upper classes, and even though her father (a nice bit by James Barton) is whiskey-drinking Boston Irish. Mingle the bloods, I say. Bing has to work fast and hard to get Emmadel, especially so since the young scion is no less than Franchot Tone. I was all on the latter's side, because it was apparent that Bing was in such a damned hurry more for the sake of the kids than for his true love for Emmadel (after all, he'd kept her waiting *three* years), but no, Bing won, and the picture was ruined for me.

Franchot Tone does get his swanky, rich cousin, Alexis Smith—they suddenly realize they had loved each other for a hell of a lot longer than three years—in place of Emmadel, but I still wasn't happy. To get his eyes appreciatingly opened it took Bing to tell Alexis to stop acting statuesque and to swing those big hips of hers, and when she does, it is with an effect comparable to that of a staid Westchester matron suddenly shouting in Lord and Taylor's, "Repent, Brethren, for thy day is at hand." There are some songs too, and the nonsense has been handled at so furious a pace as to warrant the term frenzied for Mr. Capra's direction.

* * *

"Mr. Belvedere Rings the Bell" (20th Century-Fox) has been based on a Theatre Guild play of some seasons back, "The Silver Whistle." Whatever virtues the story had as a play are only dimly reflected in the movie. Clifton Webb's famous characterization has been wearing terribly thin, and his comic superciliousness goes very poorly against the background of an old folks' home. The inmates are all in their seventies, but act, and are treated by their juniors, like children of seven. Mr. Belvedere rejuvenates them to a state of happy idiocy and then wanders away, presumably to the next in what is getting to be a tiresome series.

* * *

One almost senses how it happened. Screenwriter, thinking out loud: "What would happen if a chicken laid a uranium egg? Hmm, bloody good idea! (It's a British screenwriter.) No, better yet, make it a duck. A *duck* lays a uranium egg! Let's see now—belongs to a chap called Mr. Drake. (Snap of fingers.) Cracking good title: "Mr. Drake's Duck!"

United Artist's has just released a picture called "Mr. Drake's Duck." Val Guest wrote and directed it, and it stars Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. There is also a young lady in it, by the name of Yolande Donlan, who has, to judge by her acting, been reading "Blondie" with avid interest for a good many years. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., alternates between imitating Dagwood and Ronald Colman. Yet, with this heavy load against it, and a whole slew of gags that make even television audiences yawn, there are some occasionally funny moments in the yarn. This is due to the presence of some of those delightful British character actors who brighten practically every British comedy that crosses the ocean. They brighten this one too, but by no means enough to carry Mr. Fairbanks, Jr., and his fatuous co-star, Miss Donlan.

* * *

It was with great relief that I finally stumbled across a picture that *isn't* a comedy. "Pool of London" (Universal) is one of those fine, quiet British melodramas that introduce you to some intriguing people, then go on to intertwine their lives for a few days until finally a pattern of sorts emerges. It starts off when a freighter puts in for a weekend of reloading, and some of the crew start out on the town. A lot of incidents, some violent, some relatively placid, occur before all are on board once more, with a few of the crew-members now a little wiser and unhappier. Bonar Colleano, Susan Shaw, and Earl Cameron are effective among others in a little-known cast. The pattern of it all may be of no great shakes in terms of essential meaning, but the movie is more than diverting enough to be recommended to your attention.

—Hollis Alpert.

A RARE treat for film-goers is scheduled for September 1, 2, and 3, when the first Art Film Festival in America will be held in Woodstock, New York, under the joint sponsorship of the Woodstock Artists Association, the American Federation of Arts, and the Film Advisory Center (see The Film Forum, May 26, 1951). In all some twenty-five outstanding films on art will be screened at the Woodstock Playhouse in six morning and afternoon sessions, with additional panel discussions on the production, distribution, and use of art films.

Among the films to be shown are many productions rarely seen in this country, including "Images Médiévales" and "Demonism in Art" (*SRL*, May 26, 1951), "Lascaux, Cradle of Man's Art" (July 8, 1950), "The Works of Calder" (March 10, 1951), "Naumberg Cathedral" and "Ballet by Degas" (July 14, 1951). A number of films not yet officially released are also scheduled — "Bracques," "Fer-

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nand Léger in America," "Jackson Pollack," "Picasso's Guernica," "The Charms of Life," "Geometry Lesson," and others to be announced. The films have been selected from among hundreds of titles.

On September 3 a memorial program will be held for Robert Flaherty who was instrumental in the planning of the film festival and who died on July 23. On this occasion the last film on which he worked, Bach's "St. Matthew Passion," will be shown. The feature-length film, produced in Vienna under the supervision of Ernst Marischka and edited by Flaherty, uses paintings of Da Vinci, Rubens, Michelangelo, Raphael, and other great masters as pictorial accompaniment to the "St. Matthew Passion" as performed by the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra with chorus and soloists. For many years Flaherty had been especially interested in the art film, and it was he who sponsored the American release of the Michelangelo film "The Titan."

Admission for the entire three-day program is $2.50, and reservations may be made by writing to the Woodstock Artistic Association, Woodstock, New York. Room accommodations may be reserved by applying to Mrs. Charles Rosen, in care of the Woodstock Artists Association.

—Cecile Starr.

SRL Recommends

Pool of London: Reviewed in this issue.

Whistle at Eaton Falls: Dramatizing an actual event showing the constructive role organized labor can play in a community. (*SRL* Aug. 18.)

The River: The philosophy, tradition, and ritual beauty of India fully realized in a simple story directed by Jean Renoir and photographed by nephew Claude. (*SRL* Aug. 4.)

The Frogmen: The camera stars in this account of underwater demolition teams during World War II. (*SRL* July 21.)

Bright Victory: Intelligent screenplay based on Baynard Kendrick novel, "Lights Out," showing physical and value readjustments made by blinded ex-GI's. (*SRL* July 21.)

Ace in the Hole: A boozed-up reporter seeking big-time comeback makes carnival of Albuquerque tragedy similar to Floyd Collins case. (*SRL* July 7.)

Native Son: Richard Wright playing Bigger Thomas in his story about a Negro chauffeur who accidentally kills a white girl. (*SRL* July 7.)

Captain Horatio Hornblower: All of the gusto, sweep, and color of the C. S. Forester series preserved in Technicolor. (*SRL* July 7.)

Excuse My Dust: A musical joshing the era when few people took the gasoline buggy seriously. (*SRL* June 30.)

The Brave Bulls, The Bullfighter and the Lady: Next best thing to a trip to Mexico so far as the philosophy and art of the great Spanish sport are concerned. (*SRL* May 5.)

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Music by
RICHARD RODGERS
Book and Lyrics by
OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
Based on the Novel "Anna and the King of Siam" by
MARGARET LANDON
with YUL BRYNNER
DOROTHY SARNOFF · DORETTA MORROW
Directed by JOHN van DRUTEN
Settings and Lighting by JO MIELZINER
Costumes designed by IRENE SHARAFF
Choreography by JEROME ROBBINS
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Adapted from JAMES A. MICHENER'S Pulitzer Prize Winning "TALES OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC"
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with MYRON McCORMICK
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A NEW MUSICAL
SHIRLEY BOOTH / JOHNNY JOHNSTON
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Leland Hayward presents

Ethel Merman
in
"Call Me Madam"
with PAUL LUKAS
ALAN HEWITT
Music & Lyrics by IRVING BERLIN
Book by HOWARD LINDSAY & RUSSEL CROUSE
Directed by GEORGE ABBOTT
Dances & Musical Numbers by JEROME ROBBINS
Air-Cond. IMPERIAL, 241 W. 45th St.
Evgs. at 8:30. Mats. WED. & SAT. at 2:30

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ISRAEL

(*Continued from page* 12)

his right mind will fail to find much to amuse him in this massive volume—and the *goyim* will find as much to chuckle over as the Jews. There is a warmth and a universality and an eternal wisdom about the best of Jewish humor that transcends all religious and racial boundaries.

A few of the things that Mr. Ausubel has selected in all truth are not as funny as others; this is especially true of his "name" pieces. There are also omissions or semi-omissions that are puzzling. Why not something by Mrs. Berg, the creator and the Molly of "The Goldbergs"? There's a great deal of genuine Jewish wit and humor in her scripts. And surely Mr. Ausubel should have given greater representation to Jewish "stories" and jokes about rabbis, *chazens* (cantors), *mohels* (circumcision experts), and *gute Yidden* (pious or, rather, overly pious Jews). Religion has been a powerful force among Jews, but Jews have ever been realistic about their *klai kodesh* (literally, holy vessels). Perhaps Mr. Ausubel will take care of these omissions in a succeeding volume. He certainly knows his subject, and his present volume, all in all, is a *mechaye* (delight.)

Charles Angoff, for many years managing editor of The American Mercury, *is author of many stories of Jewish-American life.*

Mystics and Miracles

SALVATION. By Sholem Asch. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 343 *pp.* $3.50.

By Robert Pick

MR. ASCH devoted the past decade of his life to retelling the story of Christ in a way he must have hoped would prepare a common ground for Christian believers and Jewish ones alike. That undertaking resulted in three highly successful novels whose sincerity cannot be doubted. There was a good deal of controversy about them. The present story, though written about twenty years ago (it was published in 1934 in an abridged translation in England), is material to its author's earlier struggle for a positive approach to religion. Its hero is a mystic. Though the "miracles" he works can be easily rationalized, his own mystic relationship to God is meant to be presented as a reality.

"Salvation" is the life story of a man starting out as a poor Jewish boy in a western Russian village shortly after the Napoleonic wars. His education as a Hebrew scholar is cut short by his father's deserting the family for the sake of a Chassid rabbi living a communal life with his disciples. A series of events following the death of Yechiel's mother make the boy the son-in-law of a wealthy innkeeper; and now at last he can fulfil his longing for studies. But he never enters the higher strata of learning. He becomes known as "the Psalm Jew." None of the subtleties and intricacies of Talmudic research stand between him and his trust in God. His goodness suggests the state of grace, if not actually sainthood.

These are, I submit, appropriate terms. For Yechiel's story, for all its Jewish detail, invites more than one comparison with popular edifying stories of religious Christian writing.

In fact, the climax of the novel pits Yechiel's piety against that of a Catholic priest, with the soul of a Jewish girl abducted by Christian zealots their battlefield. Born of a woman believed to be barren, that girl "owes her life" to Yechiel's fervent pleas with God. But while that "miracle" has given rise to his fame as a holy man, God seems to have punished him by taking away his own beloved young wife at the very hour the other man's girl is born. Her suicide, fifteen years later, comes as a peculiar solution to the rabbi's fight for blessedness.

This is a confusing book. The religiously exalted in it is only by a thin line divided from the pedestrian. What humor there is in the novel—centering around the half-mad Polish nobleman and his hound who both lord it over the Jews of the village—has a thin, surly ring. The large canvas Mr. Asch paints of their theocratic way of life often appears so cluttered with superstitions, it is difficult to keep in mind, as one must, the admirable ethical basis of that world.

"Miracle rabbis" operated among Eastern Jewry right up to World War I on a large scale. Mr. Asch's description of one such "court," fascinating as such, also sounds authentic. The trouble with it is only that he presents that milieu on one page through something like a fictionalized sociological study, and on the next tries to read the mind of a good man whose close relationship to his God has driven him into permitting people—and perhaps himself, too—to believe in his supernatural powers. That changing approach on the author's part is vexing. However, it is another proof of his uncompromising courage.

Israel Note

THE HEBREW IMPACT ON WESTERN CIVILIZATION. Edited by Dagobert Runes. Philosophical Library. $10. "This is a book of propaganda," Dr. Dagobert Runes declares aggressively in his preface, and he concludes it by hoping that his seventeen contributors, in eighteen essays, "have succeeded in showing the Hebrews to the Western World in their true light, in their deeds." Dr. Runes, in this vast compilation of Jewish accomplishments, names, and dates, has produced an impressive-seeming volume which, by its thickness alone and in its many pages of thousands of Jewish names in such fields as science, medicine, music, art, literature, journalism, war, religion, philosophy, and other endeavors, should be a valuable tome. This is particularly so, considering that the contributors include Cecil Roth, Karl Schwarz, A. A. Roback, and other men who are experts in their fields. But this large book has far less value than it should. It is full of errors, both major and minor. It is, in part, out of date. In many of its essays there is merely a listing of names, often of non-Jews rather than Jews, and in a few instances of anti-Semites who, in this book, are considered to have been Jews. There are also glaring omissions.

The chapter on medicine by Solomon R. Kagan is out of date by many years and one prominent doctor, listed as a Jew, was actually an enemy of Jews. H. L. Mencken is listed as a Jew, and George Jean Nathan is completely omitted! If this book is accurate Max Brod is 107 years old. There are many other misdatings. An important one is that Theodor Herzl's Zionist manifesto, *Der Judenstaat*, which was published in 1896, is here listed as having been issued 27 years earlier. Names are mispelled throughout; the writing has not been edited, with the result that many of the manuscripts, obviously rendered into English from German, are fantastically awkward.

In the chapter on "The Jews in Literature," by Rudolf Kayser, there is little offered besides a listing of names and titles, without chronological order and without any pretense at literary acumen. Here is an example. Of Jerome Weidman Dr. Kayser writes only this: "Jerome Weidman (1913-) dedicated some novels to the New York Jewry. His standpoint is one of strong criticism." In his references to Robert Nathan he stops with 1935. On Ludwig Lewisohn he has five vague, valueless lines. While this contribution is among the worst, it is quite typical of the entire volume.

—Harold U. Ribalow.

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PERSONAL HISTORY

(*Continued from page 19*)

the latter's hopes to be named Chief Justice. Death has broken up the liberal coalition of which Justice Black was a member; he stands now, if not alone, at least much lonelier than he was. This monograph is not the biography of a man, nor wholly of a career, but rather of a process of thought. It presents Hugo Black as seen against the social ferment of his time. It quotes in full, and properly, his radio address concerning his affiliation with the Ku Klux Klan. It reviews his service in the United States Senate; most of his colleagues "regretfully expected to find in Black another provincial Southerner who would fall in line behind the Heflins, Smiths, and Bilbos," the Smith being Cotton Ed. They learned otherwise. Miss Williams's brief study is calm and well-reasoned. "The fountainhead of his political philosophy," she concludes, "is a desire to improve the lot of the common man and protect him from the oppression of powerful forces."

—JOHN T. WINTERICH.

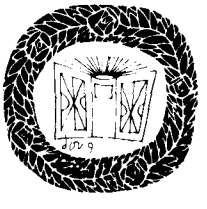
A SOUTHERN LAWYER: Fifty Years at the Bar. By Aubrey Lee Brooks, University of North Carolina Press. $3.50. His title-page does Mr. Brooks an injustice—he has been fifty-seven years at the bar. His homeland is the "bright tobacco" country—the region along both sides of the North Carolina-Virginia border. ("Bright tobacco," by the way, is not a poet's whimsey.) He himself was reared on a tobacco plantation, and as a boy hauled the product thirty miles to market along gumbo roads. The village of Durham owes much of its later eminence as a tobacco center to the raids of Sherman's Yankees, who looted the warehouses of their Bull Durham and then, when they got home, wrote back for more. Mr. Brooks also explains how Camels got their name. But this book is concerned with tobacco in small part only. A good deal of it has to do with politics—local, state, national—from the Nineties on, and with legal cases in which Mr. Brooks has had a hand. These include about everything from public utility litigation to the mysterious death of Smith Reynolds, which held the nation's front pages some twenty years ago. Mr. Brooks calls spades spades; he has no use for the forgive-everybody watering-down which dilutes much autobiography. He is an unreconstructed New Dealer and proud of it. He has lived a good life and tells a good story.

—JOHN T. WINTERICH.

"LETTERS of Horace Walpole," selected by W. S. Lewis, with an introduction by R. W. Ketton-Cremer (the Folio Society, London, imported by Philip C. Duschnes, New York, $2.95), contains only seventy-four of the four thousand surviving specimens of Walpole's art, but the seventy-four are sufficient to justify his familiar title—"the prince of letter writers."

Mr. Lewis, the most eminent and most indefatigable authority in his field, has made his selections with a view to exhibiting Walpole's range of interests and his versatility in addressing himself sympathetically and entertainingly to many correspondents of widely differing character, intelligence, concerns, sentiments, and worldly rank. The recipients of the present collection comprise all those to whom he wrote most lavishly—Sir Horace Mann, the Countess of Upper Ossory, George Montagu, William Mason, William Cole, Madame du Deffand, Henry Conway, Mary Berry — and a dozen others less often favored.

The earliest letter that we have from his pen is here, and also the last, with sixty years between them. And in the whole lot there is never a dull line, hardly ever a forced note. Sometimes genial, sometimes waspish, often playful, always witty, always shrewd, and usually cynical, Horace Walpole was unfailingly the easy master of his subject, whether he was writing of the improvement of his beloved Strawberry Hill, the execution of the Jacobite lords, the non-existence of English summers, the Gordon riots, epic poetry, the hanging and embowelling of Dr. Cameron, Shakespeare's superiority to all other poets, the excesses of the Terror, a gay party at Vauxhall, Gibbon's new history, the resources of the English language, the truth of his famous quarrel with Gray, the ruin of Houghton, George II's funeral and the "honeymoon" of his successor's reign, Lady Mary Wortley-Montagu, Dr. Johnson's brutal social tactics, the Cock Lane ghost, his own recurrent, torturing attacks of gout, or—in short —of any other subject within his view that he chose to fix and hold skilfully at his pen's point.



Mr. Lewis's volume is pleasantly illustrated with portraits of Walpole and his principal correspondents; it is furnished with biographical and explanatory notes; Mr. Ketton-Cremer's introduction is good but brief; and Walpole's "Short Notes" on his own life have happily been included. Few readers, I think, will be able to read these letters and then remain content to go without reading more by the same hand. (Mr. Lewis says in his preface that he gives us only seventy-three, but, after counting them backward and forward a dozen times, I add them up to seventy-four.)

Two other attractive Folio Society volumes recently imported by Duschnes are "Handley Cross" ($4.95), by Robert Smith Surtees, with hand colored plates by John Leech; and "Macbeth" ($2.95), with lithographs in full color by Michael Ayrton and an introduction by Sir Lewis Casson. As I have said before, I am delighted to see Surtees coming back into print in a handsome, reasonably priced edition, complete with the indispensable Leech illustrations. In "Handley Cross" we find the great Mr. Jorrocks full-blown and his creator in fine form. Mr. Ayrton's lithographs are vigorously imaginative and effective, but somewhat on the grotesque side. And why should they not be, for "Macbeth"? Sir Lewis, approaching the text as an actor-manager of long experience, is both a sound interpreter and an intelligent production adviser.

Two fine new Heritage Press books are "Martin Chuzzlewit," with an introduction by John T. Winterich and illustrations by Wray Manning, and "The Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin," with an introduction by Carl Van Doren and drawings by William Sharp ($5 each). Mr. Manning's portraits of the immortal "Chuzzlewit" characters are floridly original and, as a rule, brilliantly successful. The edition of Franklin's much-overrated memoirs is beautifully designed. Many books have made their authors famous: this one was made famous by its author. As Van Doren says, it is only a fragment; but, when he suggests that Benjamin Franklin could have written more had he lived less, I find myself thinking of Winston Churchill.

— BEN RAY REDMAN.

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FICTION

(*Continued from page* 15)

"tension" reaches all the way from Santa Fe to the boys' home town of Montclair, New Jersey. Jay feels "vague alarms" when he isn't twinging with "stabs of uneasiness." But what we get is a set of rude, stupid, and posturing characters in a series of implausible situations described in a monologue of tiresome tenuosities.

When he isn't writing psychoanalysis or descriptions of silences that can "throb," "burn," and "ring furiously," Mr. Tomkins commands a flexible and vivid style. His skiing passages are very fine, indeed.

—CHARLES LEE.

O, THE BRAVE MUSIC. By Dorothy Evelyn Smith. Dutton. $3. Sylvia was the beautiful one, Ruan the sister who was brilliant and original and plain. It is Ruan who tells the story of their family, whose dissolution was written in the same stars which contrived her parents' unlikely marriage. The girls' mother, the dazzling, reckless daughter of a hunting county squire had a brief period of rapture after her marriage to the tormented nonconformist minister; then all the irreconcilable differences in their two natures reduced their life together to something to be endured. Sylvia, eighteen months older than Ruan and born when her parents were still madly in love, was her mother's darling, reaching out for the things she wanted—clothes, parties, attention—and achieving them because she was beautiful and selfish.

After their mother's desertion and their father's departure to Africa as a missionary, Sylvia and Ruan were sent to live with their uncle, a bookish, withdrawn man. He managed a suitably fashionable school for Sylvia, which she was quite capable of making a stepping-stone to the life she wanted. Ruan, devoted to the ancestral house, managed to make her uncle let her stay at home with him, even to tutor her himself. In time Ruan found herself increasingly attracted to David Shane of one of the neighboring houses. With him Ruan ran wild on the moor. With him, her friend as a little girl, her lover and friend as she grew older, Ruan learned to conquer what, of all the world, only David knew to be the vulnerable weakness in the unconventional and tough exterior she had created as a shield for herself. Safe in the comfort of David's love, Ruan could finally face reality and life.

This is an old-fashioned, romantic novel, with all the suitable props and backdrops for a story which unfolds in an English country setting. Love, beautiful women, a dashing villain, warm hearts under rough exteriors, boys from the very best British public schools behaving in the traditional manner, wild moors and rural lanes are lavishly assembled by a hand which is deft and sure. Among the hard-bitten, disillusioned novels of this age, this romance has a touchingly nostalgic quality.

—PAMELA TAYLOR.

WOMAN IN AMBUSH. By Rex Beach. Putnam. $3. Rex Beach, author of "The Spoilers," "The World in His Arms," and numerous romantic adventure tales, died in Florida in 1949. "Woman in Ambush" is his last novel. The publisher declares that it is "the one he believed to be his most important work of recent years." Taken on its individual merits it is certainly not an *important* novel nor one that is likely to remain alive on the reading lists of future generations. But admirers of the author's brand of escapist fiction will find it an entertaining, well-plotted, and intriguingly suspenseful story.

Here are the harrowing adventures of Dick Banning, alias Ronnie Le Grand, a sixteen-year-old lad who leaves home to seek fame and fortune in a world known to him only through books. Instructed by an old scoundrel named Jimmy the Lark in the finer points of card-dealing, Dick soon becomes the most famous gambler on the Mississippi. Life becomes a trifle less pleasant and more exciting when he incurs the wrath of Madame Rondo, cigar-smoking lioness of the New Orleans' underworld, after a nightmarish encounter in her bedroom. Dick is waylaid on a river boat by Rondo's friends and tossed overboard only to be rescued by the Rainey family of Tranquility Plantation. Tired of his gambling activities and a little ashamed of his shady reputation Dick becomes in turn a cowhand, circus owner, dam builder, politician, novelist and, finally, a successful playwright. His experience in Rondo's boudoir continues to plague him during his marriage to Lola Bruce, circus bare-back rider who inherits a fortune but dies soon after in an accident. Unwilling to marry Mavis Rainey until free of Rondo's curse, Dicks stalks the old she-devil in New York and arranges a final showdown from which he emerges a free and happy man.

—JOSEPH M. GRANT.

—Ziar.

Stanley Baron—"unusual substance."

END OF THE LINE. By Stanley Baron. Knopf. $3. Mr. Baron has mixed equal parts of neurosis, espionage, and Continental atmosphere to concoct a superior kind of spy story. In addition to filling in the customary (and indispensable) background of exotic informers, illicit border crossings, high-powered foreign cars, and political homicide, he gives his book greater plausibility than have most books of its genre by providing its people with some fairly complex motivation.

The wife of Peter Halliday has been on the loose in the capitals of Europe for eighteen months when the novel opens, accepting the bed and board of whoever suits her fancy. This is even gamier than it seems, since Halliday is an official of the American Embassy in Paris, and Emily Halliday's latest boy friend is a hatchet man for the local tentacle of the Communist Party. Besides their romance, Emily and her young man have in common a fairly urgent death-wish. Mrs. Halliday's potential as a femme fatale is ultimately realized, and she precipitates the downfall of those around her, as well as her own disintegration. Included in the general debacle are her husband, lover, and a couple of innocent bystanders.

In the resolution of his story, and in the development of psychological insights, Mr. Baron leads one to expect more than he actually delivers. But this is a defect that is really based on virtue. Mr. Baron has lent unusual substance to a novel of suspense, and it would be unfair to complain that it should be even more substantial.

—MARTIN LEVIN.

THE CONSUL AT SUNSET. By Gerald Hanley. Macmillan. $3. The setting sun of empire inspires differing reactions among the British officers in the East African outpost that is the locale

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of Mr. Hanley's novel. Colonel Casey believes in manfully continuing to uphold the white man's burden. Captain Sole sees the British Empire declining into "a huge slum on the edge of the West." Captain Turnbull tries to live strictly by Army regulations. And Captain Milton is what Aldous Huxley once described as a conscientious hedonist. An outbreak of native violence crystallizes these varying attitudes toward duty and forms the basis for a study that is at once taut and greatly perceptive.

El Ashang is a dismal village in the bleakest region of what was formerly Italian Somaliland. During World War II it is an unimportant segment of an inactive theatre, in which a company of infantry is stationed to keep the peace. But the two local tribes are not amenable to having the peace kept and seize the first chink of weakness in British rule to resume their ancient feud. The weak spot is the sybaritic Captain Milton, who has taken a native mistress to while away the long evenings and whose murder sets off the uprising. Before quiet is restored poor Turnbull has gone what the Colonel calls "starko" trying to follow orders that didn't make sense to him, and Sole has betrayed enough of his doubts to make himself eligible for court-martial.

Mr. Hanley succeeds in communicating the arid, sun-baked, violent spirit of the African desert and the mood of desperate boredom that permeates the men stationed there. Against this authentic background, the interplay of conflicting outlooks and temperaments is all the more impressive.

—MARTIN LEVIN.

DAWN OF THE EIGHTH DAY. By Olga Ilyin. Holt. $3.75. In Olga Ilyin's autobiographical novel, "Dawn of the Eighth Day," there are faint echoes of Tolstoy, Turgenev, and other great Russians. Not that her style is consciously derivative; it is highly personal, at times over-sentimental and lush. But her description of the leisurely, cultivated life of a wealthy, landowning family in Czarist Russia recalls particularly the early scenes in "War and Peace," if a lesser novel can be compared with a masterpiece. There are the large estates surrounded by drowsy villages, rich farmlands, and forests, the devoted servants, sturdy peasants, serious family discussions around the samovar, the balls and musicales and amateur theatricals. And the upheaval produced by the Napoleonic invasion in Tolstoy's epic is paralleled by the Bolshevik Revolution in Madame Ilyin's "Dawn of the Eighth Day."

In the charming, somnolent, seemingly indestructible atmosphere of Imperial Russia Nita Ogarin grows up surrounded by adoring *babushkas*, parents, and brothers. She is a mercurial heroine, poetic and pleasure-

loving, assured and tremulous, eager to love and afraid of her emotions. Her marriage to a dashing young hussar is followed by the gradual dissolution of her secure world. "If only the Czar would strike the table with his fist, everything could still fall into place," people said during the early storm-warnings. But it was too late; Russia's malady was too far gone. Nita saw the Bolsheviks overrun the country, her friends and relatives dragged before the firing line, her husband and brothers fighting hopelessly with the White Army.

Olga Ilyin's narrative is rambling and verbose, though often exciting, and she tells it with deep emotion. But she presents a one-sided picture. Undoubtedly, there were enlightened, noble landowners like her father who suffered an undeserved fate, but we are told little about the deep-rooted abuses and oppression which inevitably produce revolutions. In her nostalgic recreation of a vanished era there are the outward manifestations but not the underlying causes of a historic social upheaval.

—RAY PIERRE.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
DARK DREAM *Robert Martin* (Dodd, Mead: $2.50)	Jim Bennet, imported to Wheatville by important citizen to trace golf course pot-shots, is also saddled with dirty work in a beauty shop. Murder reveals web of evil behind prosperity.	Tight, poker-faced style too automatic—every female's figure given the old Zola, and beatings follow usual pattern—Bennet existing mainly to be kicked around.	A-keep-you-reading B minus
BLOW HOT, BLOW COLD *Gerald Butler* (Rinehart: $2.75)	English adventurer Peter Lawson, in and out of easy Riviera money, gets torn between sacred and profane love. Peter needs money and is human—but—	Love affairs, tiresome because psychologically and stylistically inane, pad most of the pages except for one dose of exciting smuggling.	Mostly blow cold
HANGMAN'S HAT *Paul Ernst* (Mill-Morrow: $2.50)	Bill Harper, advertising smartie, tells of vanishing Brooke Leighton, roué son of "Leighton Soup." The bender stays bent, a fancy lady is murdered; a general merry-go-round.	Ho-hum elements—drinking; whoring; girl and boy making things hard for cops and each other. But lively realism of detail and wise-cracking style add Snap-Crackle-Pop.	Sophistication via cliché
BY-LINE FOR MURDER *Andrew Garve* (Harper: $2.50)	Murder stalks the staff of the London *Morning Call;* suspects and cyanide abound until Scotland Yard and some of the suspects get together.	Newspaper details and characters top-notch. Plot purposely transparent, but carries suspense just the same.	Good job—read by all means
THE WAY SOME PEOPLE DIE *John Ross Macdonald* (Knopf: $2.50)	Tracing disappearance of a "good girl" for her mother, Lew Archer runs into the big and little shots who push the vices in rosy California and starts a private crusade when he himself gets slugged.	The coastal scene and its underworld at last treated by someone who can *write,* whose carnage does not come out of Automat, who can create suspension of disbelief for fine violent fantasy.	Subtle hard-boiled gem

—KATHLEEN SPROUL.

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The Film Forum

STAGE AND SCREEN

The Saturday Review's Guide to Selected 16mm. Sound Films.

THE MOVIES AND YOU. *Produced by member organizations of the Motion Picture Association. Available for ten-year lease from Teaching Film Custodians, 25 W. 43rd St., New York 19.**

After a decade of hemming and hawing the big Hollywood producing companies have finally gotten around to making a series of promotion films about the big motion picture industry. Twelve short films, which already have been widely screened in the nation's 19,000 movie theatres, now are available for unrestricted use in schools, museums, clubs, and even homes.

"Let's Go to the Movies," produced by RKO, introduces film as a major industry in the U. S., and includes excerpts from early successes indicating the technical advances that have been made over the years. "The Art Director," produced by 20th Century-Fox, is an interesting summary of the talent and planning behind the construction of sets and scenery. Columbia's "The Soundman," the most instructional of these three, shows how the various sound tracks are recorded and mixed. Each of the films in the series is about ten minutes long.

Note: Other current titles in the series are "The Screen Writer," "The Costume Director," "Screen Actors" —and the more promotional "This Theatre and You," "History Brought to Life," and "Movies are Adventure." In mid-December the last batch of the series will be released on 16mm: "The Screen Director," "The Cinematographer," and the rather flabby "Moments in Music."

All in all it is an informative series which should more than repay the industry for venturing this one step toward open and mature relations with the American public.

FOUR WAYS TO DRAMA. *Produced under the direction of Norman Dyhrenfurth by the Motion Picture Division, Dept. of Theatre Arts, UCLA; available for purchase from the Educational Film Sales Dept., University Extension, University of California, Los Angeles 24, Calif.** (33 *min.*)

Stage, radio, television, and motion picture are today's vehicles for drama, and to point out their special characteristics this film presents samples of their possible interpretations of one simple story. The play itself is entitled "Sam," and tells of a youth who lets himself be accused of stealing $7 to protect his girl. In the stage version the most obvious production factors are the fixed stage and set, the broad gestures, loud voices, and immediate response of the audience. For the radio play descriptive background is given in speech, sound effects replace action, unity is preserved in verbal narrative. Television combines stage and radio with many of the weakpoints of both—static sets, rigid lighting techniques, paucity of angles from which characters and sets may be viewed, stilted delivery of lines (close-up and declamation do not blend well) and always the possibility of the hugely magnified error.

In the motion picture section of the film one does not have to be prejudiced (as this reviewer is) in favor of film to appreciate its versatile and footloose approach to people and places, its adaptability, sensitivity, and even in so bare a story as is presented here, its mature interpretations and manipulations of fiction and fact. Pictorial details, mood-giving scenes, camera mobility, and adjustable timing and placing of sequences make the story and the people lively and acceptable.

PROJECTING MOTION PICTURES. *Written and directed by William E. Jordan; produced by UCLA's Motion Picture Dept. Available as above.** (10 *min.*)

This is one of the more polished films on the reponsibilities of the 16mm projectionist, dealing with all the details except actual threading of the machine. Designed primarily for training student projectionists, it should be equally successful with adult groups where portable projection equipment is to be mastered.

FACTS ABOUT PROJECTION. *Produced and distributed by the International Film Bureau, 6 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 2, Illinois.* (11 *min.*)

Slowed down to grade-school pace the film deals clearly and effectively with the advance preparation for classroom screening, with such important pointers as providing window curtains which allow the most ventilation and the least light, anchoring cords to furniture legs, pre-testing film on screen, etc.

ON STAGE. *Produced and distributed for purchase only by the March of Time Forum, 369 Lexington Ave., New York 17.** (18 *min.*)

An intermittent story of a girl who gets a one-line part in the 1948 Broadway play "Anne of the Thousand Days"—with scenes of casting, rehearsing, first-night, and a number of show business big-wigs who say a few words here and there.

CURTAIN TIME. *Produced by the National Film Board of Canada. Distributed by Encyclopaedia Britannica Films, Wilmette, Illinois.* (30 *min.*)

A small-town amateur theatrical group acts out its production and promotion problems in a sufficiently pleasing way to interest groups who might want to get into the act themselves. —CECILE STARR.

*For rentals consult the list of *SRL* Film Referral Libraries, available at 10c a copy from Film Department, Saturday Review of Literature, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

TV WITH A CONSCIENCE

(*Continued from page 8*)

families consumed almost four times as many of these old movies at home as they had previously consumed when they had to go out to a movie house — to see new movies.

Another technique, being developed by the Skiatron Corporation in New York, uses as its unscrambler a slotted card which is leased to the subscriber. Without the card you can't get the program.

The implications of these new techniques are enormous, not only for the economics of the communications and entertainment industries, but also for public service and education and for providing the special programs desired by many minorities.

A program director of a commercial subscription station might schedule his station much as the editor of a Sunday newspaper makes up his issue. He might calculate the departments which appeal to substantial special interest groups in sufficient numbers to warrant inclusion — business, books, real estate, the theatre, sports, gardening, travel, science, education, broadcasting, even stamp collecting. Every Sunday editor knows that many readers buy the paper largely to read one section.

My own hunch is that such a station, properly run in New York, Chicago, or Los Angeles, let us say, might prove more profitable than any radio station has ever proved to be.

Take stamp collecting as an elementary example of the new editorial possibilities. If my dreamy-eyed program director thought there might be 50,000 people in New York willing to pay a nickel a day to see a daily stamp collecting get-together, and if he proved to be right, he could gross $2,500 a day for this time period alone. This is a great deal more than he could get from an advertiser.

The subscription method can be the answer to televising first-run motion pictures, the Metropolitan Opera, full-length plays, college football, and other events which the consumer wants to buy, if he can only buy them in his home. Here is the great mass market for many events which have always heretofore been regarded as "class." TV opens this chance—from class to mass—not only in the world of the arts and of music and entertainment but in education as well.

How many lawyers in New York would pay a dime or a quarter to have the faculty of the Columbia Law School analyze the Supreme Court's decisions every Monday evening? The

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same principle can be carried even to the teaching of such abstruse subjects as physics. But the great educational market would probably lie in the broad field of adult education.

The third possibility for realizing the educational and public service potential of television lies in the development of stations operated by educational institutions. The FCC has made provision for these in the tentative allocation table announced last March. This table is not in itself a grant of licenses. It merely presents a preliminary pattern, locality by locality, from which applications will be considered late this autumn; and it makes a distinction, locality by locality, between commercial stations and educational stations. For example, the New York metropolitan area, which now has seven TV stations, is assigned four more, only one of which is reserved for education; Denver, which has no station now, is assigned six, one for education.

Throughout the summer the FCC will hear arguments about this allocation table; about the principles underlying the pattern; about the specific assignments by communities; and about commercial allocations vs. educational reservations. It hopes by October to come up with a final and definitive pattern. When it does so it will then allow sixty more days for filing of license applications. By January the Commission hopes to begin granting new construction permits. Conceivably, some of the new stations could be on the air by next summer.

This is an "optimistic" version of the time table. Few believe it can be adhered to. I recite it to demonstrate that, for those who want to see television live up to its great potentialities for "transforming and uplifting human relations" — Professor Siepmann's phrase—the time for action is today.

I wonder how many citizens of the United States—including all who pride themselves on their interest in the educational system and all the parents who worry about what television is doing to their children—know whether a channel for education has been reserved by the FCC in their own areas.

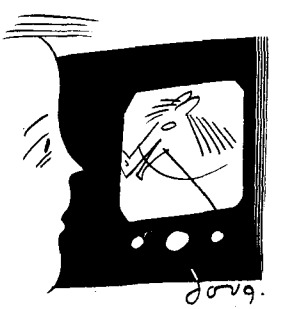
If no allocation was made in the March table there isn't much time remaining to try to get one; if your community doesn't get a reservation by this October, it can in all probability never get one. There won't be any left.

If your community has been awarded a channel by the FCC, what steps are being taken to claim it? How many months—or years—will your community need to reach a decision and arrange the financing, through the school board, the state legislature, the local college, or otherwise? The FCC suggests it will hold these educational reservations open for a reasonable period. But remember that the FCC is likely to be under constant pressure from importunate commercial applicants.

OR PERHAPS your school system, or a consortium of civic groups, would do better to apply for a *commercial* license, on a not-for-profit basis, in the expectation of carrying sponsored entertainment programs part of the day in order to finance educational programs the rest of the day. If so, that calls for an immediate decision, and a prompt presentation to the FCC. Indeed, it may already be too late.

Of the nearly 2,000 new TV stations the Commission proposes to authorize, 209 have been tentatively reserved for "non-commercial, educational" use. The Commission showed courage and imagination in making these reservations. The powerful National Association of Radio and Television Broadcasters has formally denounced these educational reservations on the ground that they "set up a special class of applicants," and that these channels may be wasted through non-use or partial use. The FCC is going to need public support if it is to hold these channels for education; and, of course, it requires concrete evidence that these channels will be used.

Two taunts have been hurled at the hopeful television educators. One is, "Look what happened in radio." It's true that in the Twenties well over a hundred educational institutions or boards were awarded choice radio channels. Most of these were finally relinquished to commercial operators when the educators wouldn't or couldn't use them. Educators learn slowly.



However, I cannot accept the analogy between radio and TV. Educators learn very slowly, but they do learn. Television isn't just a cousin of radio. In its educational potential it is *sui generis*. It is uniquely adapted to education. As John Crosby the New York *Herald-Tribune's* radio and television critic points out, television has five times the "wallop" of radio, and it requires, and gets, five times the attention. Attention is the indispensable element in education.

The second taunt is, "Where is the money coming from?" That is the same kind of taunt which was hurled a hundred years ago against the dream of free public education for all children.

If the promise is as great as I think it is, the money will be found. The American people believe in education. They spend perhaps five billion dollars a year for it today. Once they have been shown the power of television in education, I cannot believe they will deny it to themselves or to their children.

Within the past six months three foundations, the Ford, Kellogg, and Sloan Foundations, have appropriated a total of over two million dollars for the development of educational radio and TV. This is just "seed-money".

A main source of money may be appropriations by state and local governments. The most dramatic development of this spring in the field was the announcement of the Regents of the University of the State of New York, which has supervising authority over 8,000 educational institutions. The Regents asked the FCC for eleven educational channels in New York State — three more than the FCC had reserved for the entire state — and reported that they were asking the New York state legislature for $3,500,000 to build the transmitters. This action may serve as a model.

Another method for financing educational stations could develop if the FCC would change its formula on "non-commercial educational stations." The formula should permit "non-commercial stations" to earn a profit—for philanthropic ends. So-called educational stations should be permitted to carry entertainment programs sponsored by advertisers part of the day to earn profits to finance educational programs the rest of the day. This is the plan used by the only educational TV station now on the air, at Iowa State University, which holds a commercial license.

The third method is the "subscription" method I have already mentioned. One of my former associates at the University of Chicago has calculated that some universities could finance their year-round TV programing and even offer it free simply by withholding exclusive rights to telecasts of football games and applying the subscription technique.

What are the chances for any of my three possibilities—the full blown creation of educational stations, the development of subscription television, and the hoped for flowering of the commercial conscience—to save

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TV from the road to trivialization? Students of the question assure me that the answer lies less in new Federal legislation than in "the dynamics of our society." This means that the reforms can't happen unless the public makes them happen, and keeps making them happen. That is why I gave main emphasis in my draft legislation, in Senate Bill No. 1579, to the introduction of a new "dynamic" in the form of a National Citizens Advisory Board on Radio and Television.

This Citizens Advisory Board, as I have envisaged it, would be composed of eleven outstanding private citizens, drawn from the fields of education and communications and from among leaders in the civic, cultural, and religious life of the nation. In an annual report to Congress, to the Federal Communications Commission, and to the public the Board would review how well radio and television are serving the public interest. This annual report would point up broadcasting's successes and failures. Most importantly, it would suggest how radio and TV could serve the public interest better. Undoubtedly the Board would try to determine answers to those difficult and perennial questions: "What is an educational program?" "What is a public service program?" Undoubtedly the Board would occasionally recommend new legislation to Congress.

The power to grant and withhold licenses must of course remain untrammeled in the Federal Communications Commission. However, the FCC has neither the time nor the authority actively to seek out, marshal, and crystallize public opinion. Nor does it claim to have competence in education.

Because it would be advisory only, my proposed Citizens Advisory Board would not be subject to the charge of "censorship." Yet its potency should not be underestimated. The broadcasting industry, for all the fact that it now has the field of "pressure" to itself in Washington—there is no listeners or viewers lobby in Washington to speak for the TV consumer—cannot and will not be insensitive to criticism over the long pull and to the force of articulate public opinion. At this stage—this summer of 1951—the articulate public opinion must come from those who are articulate—and that includes you, my reader. I urge you to make yourself articulate to your congressmen and senators.

William Benton, United States senator from Connecticut, was formerly vice president of the University of Chicago and assistant secretary of state.

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FOR RENT: modern 2-bath, screened studio, with patio and porch. Furnished. Mile-high in desert, 3 kilometers from Saltillo, Mexico. Box 652-H.

YOUNG but intrepid male desires stimulating correspondence. Box 661-H.

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PERSONALS

I AM ENGAGED in collecting material, anecdotes, letters, information, etc., about the late Sinclair Lewis in preparation for a biography. I will be grateful to anyone who will aid me in this task and will promptly return anything sent to me if it is requested. Address: Harrison Smith, Saturday Review, 25 West 45 St., NYC.

SERVICEMAN, soon a friendly civilian, will answer interesting correspondence with interest. Box 561-H.

PLAYWRIGHT, excellent craftsman just readied for Broadway production, seeks bright young collaborator for new play. Box 562-H.

WANTED: to exchange children's bookplates. Metta Loomis, 315 North LaGrange Road, LaGrange, Illinois.

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YOUNG WOMAN, experienced in writing, recreation, publicity, child-care, wants stimulating work involving travel. Box 699-H.

SINCERE FEMME interested sports, the arts and homemaking, would exchange views with youngish mature gentlemen. Box 700-H.

GENTLEMAN, business. Hobby, writing. Would correspond with younger feminine lady. Box 708-H.

MALE, interesting, traveled, would enjoy correspondence with bored female. Box 709-H.

WANTED: BOLD SPIRIT, young woman who hates work, but will consent to hour baby-sitting; Vermont farm summer, Arizona winter. Box 710-H.

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YOUNG PRINCETON Ph.D., having year's research grant, would share apartment or board near Columbia, Library Congress, or Harvard. Box 723-H.

INSTRUCTOR, warm-hearted, sometimes quiet, sometimes not, would enjoy pleasant feminine reply. Box 724-H.

ARTIST, seeking inspiration, welcomes correspondence from mature, liberal young woman, with imagination and sense of humor. Interests: art, books, music, photography, philosophy, life, ideas. Box 725-H.

DO YOU (feminine) like Cambridge (Mass.), cooking, cats? Save on the food dollar by sharing housekeeping and apartment with Taffy and me, near Harvard Square come September. Box 716-H.

EUROPE BOUND? Need secretary, companion? Amicable female, 23, available. Box 717-H.

UNACTORISH young professional actor needs paid employment 3 nights a week midnight to 8 A.M. NYC, GRamercy 7-8858.

SLIGHTLY physically handicapped lonely gentleman, employed, owns car, boat. Invites correspondence from lonely girl in similar circumstances. Box 719-H.

MISS, add zest to life of mature, modern male via interesting correspondence. Interested in 'most everything from theater to world politics. Box 693-H.

EX JUNIOR LEAGUER, far away, convalescing from tuberculosis, would like to correspond with middle-aged gentleman. Box 694-H.

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MAN, 31, M.A., English, French, Spanish, creative, original mind, seeks interesting work. Box 684-H.

TOO SERIOUS young professional man would hear from young femmes who are not. Box 686-H.

YOUNG MARINE OFFICER temporarily isolated, would appreciate correspondence from young femme. Box 687-H.

SMALL ESTATE FOR RENT, 2 charming furnished houses, 2 hours from Boston. Only $85 monthly. 18-month lease. LeComte, Alton, N. H.

ORDINARY GIRL, young, would welcome male correspondence. Box 689-H.

I SHOULD LIKE to purchase a book store. Submit offers. Box 690-H.

WANTED: Used Linguaphone, Italian. Box 691-H.

ADVENTUROUS YOUTH desires interesting letters from anybody. Box 692-H.

LADY, mature, wants companion with car to visit summer theaters, NYC environs. Box 676-H.

NEED LITERARY DRUDGE to type and edit novel, NYC. Box 677-H.

YOUNG MAN, theater devotee, invites correspondence with those similarly interested. Box 679-H.

FOR RENT: Attractive small house near Ridgefield, Connecticut. 5 rooms, modern conveniences. $70. Box 680-H.

GENIAL YANKEE, elderly, but young in mind and spirit, would appreciate correspondence with woman of similar disposition. Box 681-H.

I AM a very busy and successful author. I need a smart salesman and manager, male or female. Drawing account against commission. Exciting opportunity for ambitious go-getter. Box 682-H.

CULTURED, MATURE LADY desires correspondence with discriminating gentleman, absolute integrity, interested travel, arts, life's finer things. Box 670-H.

YOUNG ELECTRONICS ENGINEER, unsophisticated, unrefined, icanoclastically inclined, greets tolerant young female. Box 671-H.

WRITER wants capable secretary for short-time assignment. Box 672-H.

YOUNG MAN, full of the devil but nice, looking for a complicated correspondence with a career girl. Box 673-H.

MALE SECRETARY/general factotum. 28, unencumbered, all-around experience, would help you write that book, etc. Box 720-H.

GENTLEMAN seeks correspondence with sophisticated feminine cosmopolities. Box 721-H.

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GENTLEMAN invites correspondence re sailing, motoring, writing, music from sailorette. Box 675-H.

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 909

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS

A. Used with "tooth" to mean the bite of a carping critic.

B. Deceives by false appearance.

C. Nymph on Mount Ida; Paris's wife before his flight with Helen of Troy.

D. Let slip (an opportunity).

E. Famous American painter (1852-1911; panels in Boston Public Library).

F. Encumbered.

G. Full name of "Peter Schlemihl," German humorous writer and journalist (1867-1921).

H. United States Secretary of State, 1861-69.

I. Son of Neptune, whose horn blows the sea sound in a shell (class. myth.).

J. A body of methodological doctrine (philos.).

K. American radio commentator and writer, of German descent (1878-).

L. Attractive.

M. In a manner to cause sleep.

N. Plans or schemes speculatively constructed.

WORDS

181 101 6 117 11 95

110 44 87 144 123 180 157 74 67

138 7 55 173 4 14

13 176 5 25 146 137

3 154 16 26 85

175 17 91 106 84 59 150

169 10 153 38 1 132 100 93 99 171 135

53 27 140 130 58 76

92 129 111 116 78 62

24 29 83 124 149 57 108

19 120 30 98 102 105 46 107 143 15

96 125 80 28 61 182 65 147

115 72 165 9 33 170 56 81 18 35 63 103 47

22 113 75 43 90 142 166 174

DEFINITIONS

O. Indians in a confederation of four Iroquoian tribes, formerly near the Great Lakes.

P. Soft feathery covering of large sea duck of northern Europe, Asia, America (2 wds.).

Q. Viennese actress and singer, formerly of the Metropolitan, in a recent revival (1882?-).

R. Name given to several characters in Greek legendary literature, one of Penelope's suitors, a servant of Priam's, etc.

S. Rector of Trinity Church, New York, 1697-1746, for whom a street nearby was named.

T. Appellation of a clear and urbane style, after an 18th century essayist.

U. English philosopher and mathematician, a statue of whom is in Trinity College, Cambridge, with verses by Wordsworth.

V. *Heads; brains (chiefly jocose).*

W. Precluded or prevented by *prior action.*

X. A backwoodsman or mountaineer (Southern U. S.; colloq.).

WORDS

39 156 48 164 152 41

148 54 70 133 52 126 73 109 21

184 112 23 32 139 167

97 12 94 179 68 168 162

50 122 37 160 8

151 66 34 20 161 40 131 178 89 69

79 183 88 42 155 136

121 118 45 158 77 51 127

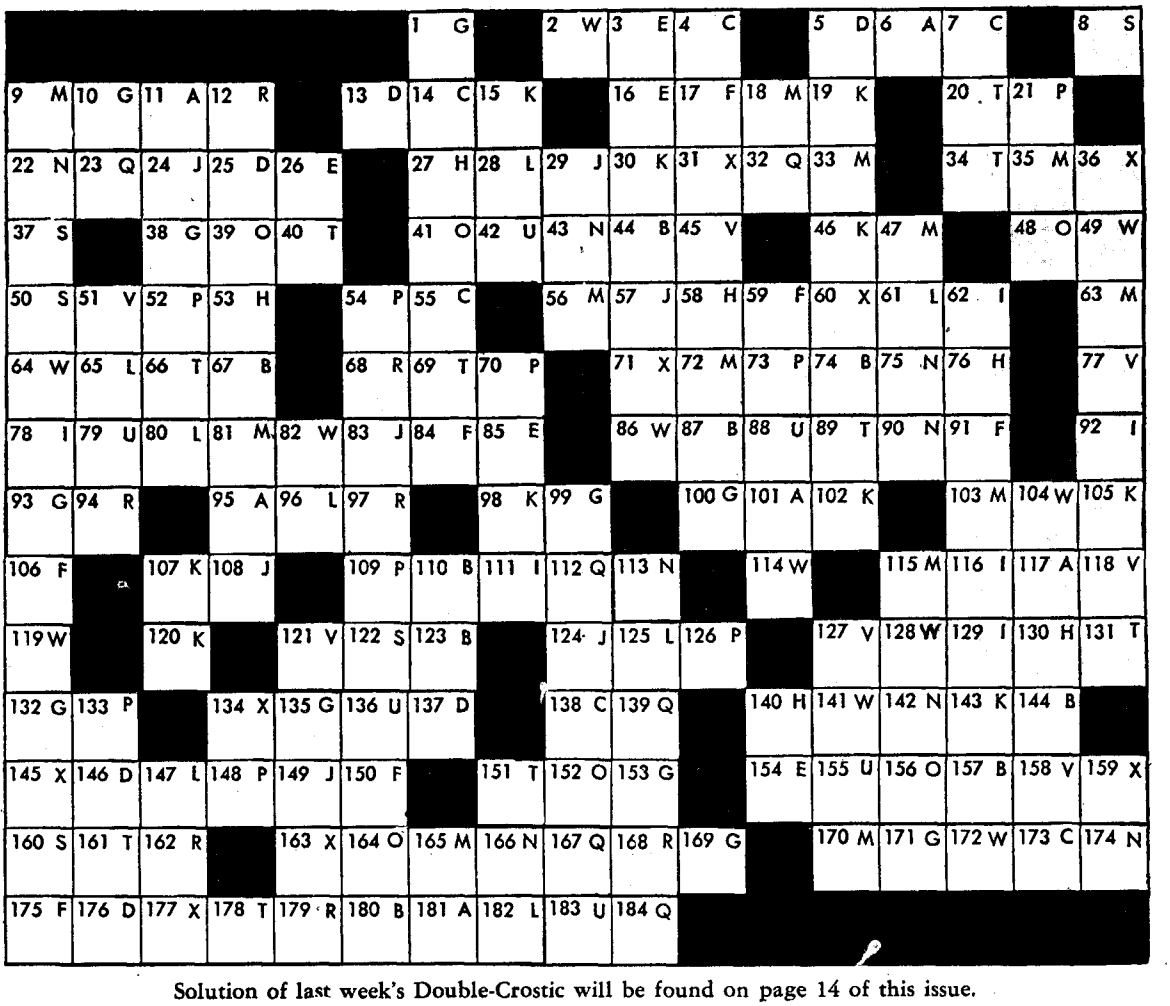
64 82 86 114 2 49 172 104 128 141 119

163 31 71 134 177 60 145 159 36

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 14 of this issue.

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SRL / RECORDINGS SECTION

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True and False in Haydn

H. C. ROBBINS LANDON

H. C. R. Landon

VIENNA.

WHEN THE Haydn Society began its series of recordings in the late spring of 1949 we all felt a little like explorers dropped in the middle of an African jungle with nothing but a map of the country to guide us. To all intents and purposes the only guide through the vast and uncharted territory of Joseph Haydn was the printed (or, as was often the case, MS) score of the work in question. It must be understood that the problem of performing older music of the Baroque period (Bach, Handel, etc.) is in many ways much less complicated than that of Haydn's time because of the vast quantities of research done by industrious German scholars, some of whom spent a lifetime on a few bars of a Bach prelude.

Furthermore, unbelievable as it may seem, we know a lot more about the original performances of Handel's "Messiah" than how Haydn wanted his "Schöpfung" ("Creation") to be played, although the latter work was written half a century later. Exact lists of Handel's orchestra and chorus are available. Even the timings of some of his major oratorios are noted at the end of each section of the Hamburg MSS in Handel's own hand. None of these fortunate guides were available to the student of Haydn.

Worst of all, there was practically no printed score of Haydn's music which was reliable enough to trust. The few happy exceptions are the piano sonatas in the now defunct Breitkopf & Härtel *Gesamtausgabe* and two volumes of symphonies in the same series, both edited by Helmut Schultz, all of which will be accepted into the new Haydn Complete Edition currently in preparation by the Haydn Society, Boston. The other printed scores and parts were often so miserable that new ones had to be prepared from the original sources. Perhaps the most fantastic case is that of "The Creation," which was edited for the B. & H. Complete Edition by Mandyczewski. The one and only basis for this edition of the work was the first edition. The following sources were *not* used: 1.) a MS score of the work prepared by Haydn's copyist Elssler, with important and very frequent additions and corrections throughout in Haydn's hand, which is to be found in the Vienna City Library; 2.) the entire original orchestral and choral parts used for the first performances with phrasing marks, dynamic alterations, and changes of the music throughout in Haydn's own handwriting, also in the same library; 3.) another score in the handwriting of Elssler with further large-scale notations and alterations in Haydn's own handwriting, found in the Berlin State Library; 4.) a third MS score of the final version, incorporating all of the corrections previously made by Haydn and copied out in copper-plate hand by Elssler; 5.) a fourth Elssler score which turns out to be the manuscript used by the engravers for the first edition, though it did not include all the emendations previously noted.

It can be seen from this example that we in the Society were brought up to mistrust automatically any printed score. Examination of all the usual Eulenburg and Philharmonia miniature scores revealed even more discrepancies. The "Salomon" symphonies survive in a completely false musical text, so false that a page of the usual printed score corrected according to Haydn's manuscripts looks like one of the pages of the Bruckner scores corrected according to the *Urfassung*. The most famous of Haydn symphonies exist in scores which, without doubt, are the most appalling cases of spurious texts of any major composer. Symphonies 96 and 98 have, in modern editions, completely "revised" trumpet and drum parts. The second movement of No. 96, for example, includes trumpets and drums in the original, which have simply been omitted in modern scores. Probably none of us has ever heard the work the way Haydn wrote it. Elsewhere, these discrepancies occur in

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other parts: a whole cello part is omitted in the first movement; a second flute part was added by an editor in Breitkopf's office sometime during the early part of the nineteenth century; a solo trumpet appears in the trio where Haydn clearly wrote rests for the instrument; about fifty trills and other ornaments are omitted. In the second movement Haydn's augmented sixth chord was brutally changed to a simple first inversion of the tonic. A second bassoon part was added where Haydn wrote "Bassoon II *col Primo*" (in other words, both bassoons are to play the same notes). In Symphony 94 ("The Surprise") Haydn retunes the G drum to A so that he can modulate to D minor. Modern editions have simply dropped this. All of the grace notes in the minuet have been so printed that they must be played as "short" instead of "long."

IN THE trio of Symphony No. 97, Haydn wrote (on the newly-discovered autograph) a part for violin solo which he notes "Salomon 8va Solo ma piano" (Salomon, Haydn's concertmaster, was to play an octave higher, but softly). No one in our day had ever heard how this sounded until Hermann Scherchen performed it correctly from Haydn Society parts for the Westminster recording. In Symphony 103 Haydn writes parts for two solo clarinets in the trio of the minuet. These can be found in the new revised edition of Eulenburg, but in no other modern edition. The famous drumroll in this work has been the subject of considerable controversy. Haydn wrote nothing at all under the part. The first edition has *ff*. In any case the "traditional" *pp* < > *pp* is out of the question, and an *ff* > seems much more in keeping with Haydn's ideas about how tympani ought to sound.

Another interesting problem arises in connection with the size and type of Haydn's orchestra. Prior to Haydn's engagement by Prince Esterházy in 1761 we know absolutely nothing about his own orchestral practice except by studying the few works which have survived from this time. Several works do give us a clue. There are a few wind divertimenti for two oboes, two horns, and two bassoons, or with two clarinets or two English horns instead of oboes. There is a Divertimento of 1760 for the weird combination of two English horns, two bassoons, two French horns, and two violins, and another for one flute, one oboe, two violins, two violas, and basso continuo. Such experiments (particularly with English horns) occupied Haydn for some time, even after he was engaged by Esterházy. The size of Haydn's first orchestra there can only be guessed, because there were several different orchestras permanently engaged by the Prince from which Haydn could draw, besides local players from Eisenstadt, which he often used for particularly large combinations.

For his first Esterházy symphonies Haydn had about eight or nine violins, a couple of violas, one or possibly two celli, and two basses, besides the winds. This is the band which played "Le Matin," "Le Midi," and "Le Soir." The next authentic landmark in Haydn's orchestral pratice is the picture of the Esterháza performance of "L'Incontro improviso," for which there are thirteen violins and violas (about five first and five second violins, three violas). The picture is not wide enough to include all the players, but one can see sitting around Haydn, a continuo consisting of a bassoon, a cello player, and two basses. Haydn is conducting from the harpsichord. An examination of the orchestral parts used by Haydn during this period also bears out the approximate number of instruments shown in this picture; thus, one finds two parts each of the first and second violins, as well as the bass parts, so that at least two and possibly three players were used at each desk.

The uncommonly large size of the orchestra of the Concert de la Loge Olympique is often cited as an example that large orchestras did exist during this period. Haydn wrote his six "Paris" symphonies for this group, which consisted of about forty violins and ten double basses; this may have impressed the composer but certainly did not alter the texture of his symphonies. However, there were orchestras in Vienna which were very large and with which we know Haydn had personal contact, such as the private band of Von Kees, of which Mozart so glowingly spoke in connection with Symphony No. 34 (K. V. 334). There were generally quadruple woodwinds and six bassoons (three on each part) with a string group about the size of the Paris orchestra mentioned above. Haydn's own London orchestra for the second sojourn numbered about sixty players.

STILL, HADYN did not change his orchestral texture for the simple reason that his conception of the balance between strings and winds and brass is so fundamentally correct that it was of no consequence if the size was doubled proportionately. Proof of this is contained in the original parts for Haydn's "Creation," discovered last winter by researchers for the Haydn Society in the cellar of the Vienna Rathaus. The orchestra during the series of performances conducted by the composer from the years 1798 through 1805 numbered six flutes, six oboes, six clarinets, six bassoons, six horns, six trumpets, eight trombones, three pair of tympani (three players), and (ca.) twenty first and twenty second violins, fifteen violas, twelve cellos, and ten basses, the string figures

Microfilming research material in Benedictine monastery (Melk, Austria)—"vast and uncharted territory."

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being calculated by doubling the number of parts which are preserved. The chorus seems to have been about one hundred men and boys (boys, not women, formed the soprano and alto part of all Haydn's choirs for his oratorios and church music of smaller dimensions).

It is correct to assume that the first eighty symphonies are best served when performed by a chamber orchestra, but that the symphonies following this are to be played by increasingly large orchestras up to about sixty players. The late masses and oratorios can be played by large forces, but always with the stipulation that the winds and brass be correspondingly increased. Failure to do this is the main error in the large contemporary performances of such music, for we thus destroy Haydn's delicate relationship between various orchestral choirs. However, the size of the original "Creation" orchestra is no license to perform his First Symphony with 110 men!

In studying the various original sources for the Complete Edition it was to be expected that the problem of authenticity should rear its ugly head. It is (unfortunately) more profitable today to issue a symphony on records under Haydn's name than under the correct title of a certain Johann Kasper Ferdinand Gluggl, and it was just as profitable for an eighteenth-century publisher to follow this same course. Painstaking investigation of the symphonies established 104 works as being genuine beyond doubt. One work in D major is not found in this list and survives only in the thematic (draft) catalogue prepared by Haydn during forty years. It may be an overture, a divertimento, or a symphony. It probably perished in one of the big fires in Esterháza. Three other works, one in B flat and one in A major, may be added either to the 104 symphonies or to the divertimenti for orchestra.

One of these three works is generally accepted as a string quartet, Opus 1, No. 5. Its original form included two oboes and two horns, and it probably was arranged as a string quartet by a French publisher about 1765. The other two works survive under the title of Parthia (= Partita), but their form and structure is symphonic rather than chamber orchestral. As this article goes to press, the Haydn Society has just established the list of divertimenti for chamber orchestra for the Complete Edition. The catalogue includes the three "Parthie" or "Symphonies" and totals forty-four works, in addition to a dozen lost authentic compositions which are only found in Haydn's catalogue.

About fifty or sixty further doubtful works were rejected after a thorough examination of inward and outward criteria. Some of the rejected works will come as a considerable surprise to the musical world. They include the "Toy" Symphony, which one of the Haydn Society's editors, Dr. Ernst Fritz Schmid, has established as the work of Leopold Mozart. He has been investigating the work for years, and has found that almost all of the MSS in Austria and Germany stem from Salzburg. It appears that the three extant movements form part of a much larger work, which is found in the earliest MSS under the title *di Signore Leopoldo Mozart, Maestro di Concerto a Salisburgo.* Later MSS seem to indicate that Michael Haydn, brother of Joseph, had something to do with the work. It is possible that Michael undertook an arrangement of the work. It will be interesting to see the full report of Dr. Schmid.

Another interesting case in mistaken identity concerns the six "Zittauer" Divertimenti (the title was applied because the only MSS of these works are in the Gymnasialbibliothek in Zittau, a Saxon town near Leipzig). The works are scored for a large wind ensemble, including serpents. One of the divertimenti is already well known to every concert-goer. Its second movement is the "Chorale St. Antoni," which Brahms used for his "Variations on a Theme by Haydn." It has now been etablished that the whole series is spurious and that not one note was by Haydn. One of his students, perhaps Pleyel, was probably the real author.

TWO FINAL cases: the so-called "Octet" in F major for two oboes, two clarinets, two bassoons, and two horns, which has recently been recorded and which has gained considerable popularity, is completely spurious. The equally celebrated Oboe Concerto, like the six wind divertimenti, also stems from Zittau, where the only old MS to date has been located. This charming work has been widely circulated (also on records) as a work of Haydn. The MS of the work dates from the beginning of the nineteenth century and has no author's signature on the title page; someone added "von Haydn?" in blue pencil, and this was enough. The work was published under Haydn's name.

In reverse order, as it were, the popular Cello Concerto, which certain German circles tried to prove spurious, is actually by Haydn, and his own holograph manuscript is in private possession in Vienna today. It bears the title *Concerto per il Violoncello In Nomine Domini di me giuseppe Haydn 783* (=1783). The whole affair began with an article in *Die Musik* in 1932 by Volkmann, who tried to prove that the work was by Anton Kraft. The basis of this supposition was that Kraft once asserted that a well-known concerto in D major, widely circulated under Haydn's name, was actually by him (Kraft). There was, indeed, a well-known work in D major for cello, which is not in Haydn's first or second thematic catalogue and which, on a stylistic basis, is undoubtedly the work referred to by Kraft. Haydn only included three cello concerti in his two catalogues, two in C major, neither of which has ever been found, and the famous D major. Since Haydn mainly wrote his catalogue to leave to posterity "all of the compositions which I remember having written from my eighteenth year . . .," it is most unlikely that he would go to the trouble of forging his name to an inferior concerto by one of his pupils. He forgot many works in his old age, but there is, to date, no example of any work being listed by him which is *not* his.

—*Bettmann Archive.*

Joseph Haydn — "a Complete Edition in preparation."

As he once said, after hearing a choral arrangement of his instrumental piece "The Seven Words of the Savior on the Cross," "I think I could have done it better." His own arrangement of the work as an oratorio certainly supports Haydn's modest contention.

H. C. Robbins Landon was one of those who helped found the Haydn Society. Today he makes his headquarters in Vienna.

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Bayreuth's New Generation

PAUL JARETZKI

—Festspiele Bayreuth/Renner.

Wieland Wagner—"flinging to the winds many 'sacred' directions."

BAYREUTH.

THE FAITHFUL who flocked to the seventy-fifth Wagner Festival at Bayreuth, Germany, this summer quickly discovered that an entirely new technique, in keeping with modern theatrical developments, had been evolved for the presentation of the time-honored operas. It took this writer at least the first two acts of "Parsifal" to become acclimated to the prevalent darkness, the frequent technique of spotlighting scenes ordinarily played under bright lights, and the questionable use of projected colors to suggest such scenic effects as Klingsor's Magic Garden. Generally speaking, once accustomed to this new system, one must acknowledge both the artistic and economic merits of the experiment.

In the ensuing performances of Wagner's "Der Ring des Nibelungen" these experimental lighting devices have contributed greatly to the illumination of many dramatic details usually lost in the areas of a large stage. Furthermore, one welcomes here a more literal approach to scenic detail than was evidenced in the "Parsifal." Instead of abstractions there were the prescribed trees (simplified), the mountain tops and passes, the Rhine River, a dragon whose head and neck towered some thirty-six feet high (contrasted in the fight with a six-footed Siegfried), and a rainbow bridge at the close of "Das Rheingold" upon which the gods and goddesses actually move towards the cloud-castle Valhalla.

New in command of this annual event, which has been resumed this summer for the first time since the single "Meistersinger" production of 1944, are Wagner's two grandsons, Wolfgang and Wieland Wagner, both in their early thirties. It is the latter who has both designed the sets and created the staging for "Parsifal" and the "Ring," flinging to the winds many so-called "sacred" directions of the Master.

Of course, critics and public are sharply divided in their opinions of this festival. Many maintain that the Bayreuth Festspielhaus is the one theatre that should preserve old tradition. But remembering the extent to which Wagner often contradicted his own writings, and how far ahead of his contemporaries he was in matters of staging, it is hard to believe that he would today produce his operas in the mode of 1875.

Many of the changes, such as a helmet-less Wotan, a half-bald Loge, three rock-reclining (rather than swimming) Rhine-maidens, the giant Fafner choking instead of clubbing to death his brother Fasolt, etc., were not too startling. Other changes, such as the substitution of a blue light for the actual ascent of Erda in "Das Rheingold" and "Siegfried," were more drastic and certainly more debatable. One irate critic demanded that Wieland Wagner justify this symbolization of the Earth-goddess. The young director flippantly replied that Richard Wagner was the source, and quoted from Cosima Wagner's diary an utterance of the Master himself who was at the time obviously in a cynical mood: "The world has praised me for having invented the invisible orchestra; I wish to God I could have invented the invisible stage."

The elder Wagner's concept that drama and music must form a unity was keenly preserved by Hans Knappertsbusch whose extremely deliberate and massive handling of musical matters was perfectly attuned to every stage situation.

One cannot say that for this occasion the Bayreuth Festival has featured the most impressive conglomeration of voices available. However, there were but few members of the cast who did not fit admirably into the general picture. Some of the characterizations, such as Ludwig Weber's richly voiced and warmly humane Gurnemanz, George London's fine Amfortas, the expected excellence of Astrid Varnay's Brünnhilde, the powerful if somewhat unharnessed singing of the young Leonie Rysanek as Sieglinde, and the Siegmund of Gunther Treptow were first rate. But, above all, the distinctive success was no individual's triumph, rather the coordinated effort of all concerned.

As ever, Bayreuth's physical properties were a feature of the festival. The orchestra pit, still as designed by the composer, with the brass and other heavier instruments housed under the stage, permitted a wealth of orchestral color and detail to be heard. It is true that the big orchestral climaxes are somewhat inhibited, but the blend between the singers and orchestra and the clarity of the singer's diction which comes across the footlights more than compensates for this slight loss.

The many Wagnerites who could not travel to Bayreuth this year should be happy to learn that two productions are being recorded. In all likelihood they will be released in America late this fall. Columbia will present an uncut "Die Meistersinger" and English Decca (London) the complete "Parsifal." In preparation for this gigantic task engineers arrived in Bayreuth four weeks before the opening performances to study the peculiarities of the theatre and make test tapes of all dress rehearsals. With six "Parsifals" and seven "Meistersingers" from which to put together the definitive recording, the results should prove noteworthy. The most difficult problem the technicians have encountered is that of microphone placement. No microphone may be placed in the audience's line of vision, and microphones hidden on stage are likely to pick up unwanted noises. But judging from a few tapes this writer has heard, the engineers have done an admirable job in solving their problems.

Decca has likewise recorded the first "Ring" under Knappertsbusch, and Columbia will tape the second one under Von Karajan (an exclusive Columbia artist), but due to the wishes of the Wagners, as well as some contractual difficulties, it is unlikely that these will be released. With the musically unreliable Siegfried of Bernd Aldenhoff, the extremely poor Loge of Walter Fritz, and one or two other weak members of the ensemble, one will agree that it is better to be patient for another year, when it is hoped that these casting deficiencies will be corrected.

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Le Jazz Jubilant

AMONG the pleasures of hot music, to those who do not have one-track ears, is the variety of styles which have been developed in the Afro-American musical tongue. They reach all the way from early Southern rural to latter-day be-bop, with many interesting, not to say curious, way stations. This department, to take a classic metaphor, is especially fond of the Doric order in hot music, but we have also had our fun with the Ionic, the rich Corinthian, and even the wild Composite of Mr. Dizzy Gillespie.

No jazz Corinthian is richer than that of the trombonist Jack Teagarden. While he includes elements of the rugged Doric "tailgate" style, as well as chaste Ionic graces, he has elaborated jazz trombone playing to a point where it is even claimed among the rigid New Orleans fancy that he does not play trombone at all. By this they mean that he plays very high and fancily instead of sticking to the bandwagon level and tradition. As a matter of fact, the great Oklahoman approaches the trombone quite as the Negro jazz pioneers approached it—not through the conservatory door, but just to see what can be gotten out of the instrument. And what he does get out, with his illegitimate technique and his almost unbelievable embouchure, is an opulent syncopation all his own, full of technical marvels which, however, always belong to the music. For Teagarden is one of the leading lyric improvisers of jazz—a true singer on the horn. He is a perfect foil for Louis Armstrong, in his more florid trumpet vein, and it is their teamwork which is the chief distinction of "Satchmo at Symphony Hall," four long-playing twelve-inch sides which contain a full Armstrong program in Boston in 1947 (Decca LP set 108, $9.70). There is spirited cooperation from the rest of the band (Barney Bigard, clarinet; Dick Cary, piano; Sidney Catlett, drums; Arvell Shaw, bass) including a magic exhibition by the late great Catlett. But it is the jubilant business between Armstrong and Teagarden that matters most. Brass playing of this sort reminds me of the late "Blackface" Eddie Ross's regular vaudeville remark about his banjo solo—that you had better listen well, because you won't hear anything like it again till you reach the other side.

The drummer George Wettling, a highly persuasive man on the tubs, has recorded with a masterly long-playing hot combination consisting of Wild Bill Davison, cornet; Edmond Hall, clarinet; a shifting piano and trombone duo (Joe Sullivan with Jimmy Archey; Ralph Sutton with Cutty Cutshall); Eddie Condon, guitar; and Bob Casey, bass (Columbia LP 6189, $3). I might single out their "Collier's Clambake," "A Good Man Is Hard to Find," and "Memphis Blues," but this is a tough, experienced caucus, full of promotions, and Sullivan's blues solo in "Collier's

Climb" is alone worth the tax. The piano solo files also yield Ralph Sutton in his long-player of music by the late Fats Waller (Columbia LP 6180, $3). Sutton may not have Fat's own crystalline edge and shine, but he is a vigorous trustee of Waller's general style and happy spirit, a durable and moving performer. Good material is so common this month as to leave little room for carping, and we merely note that while we find the pianist Mary Lou Williams's boppish version of "The Shiek" wholly agreeable, we cannot give our suffrage to the strained and self-conscious "Walking," with "modern" vocal effects on the reverse (Circle R-3008, 89c).

Good Time Jazz of Los Angeles has sent its newest batch of hot sides, including a splendid San Francisco religious shouter, Sister Lottie Peavey, warmly accompanied by the late Bunk Johnson and the Yerba Buena Jazz Band, in "Nobody's Fault But Mine" and "When I Move to the Sky" (No. 37, 89c). Johnson and the band also do "The Girls Go Crazy" and "Ory's Creole Trombone" (No. 38, 89c). The whiskies in these bottles are all more than five years old—they date from 1944, to be exact. Turk Murphy, the trombonist on the date, is now the leader of one of the most staunchly satisfying little New Orleans-style bands in the country; his latest sides are "After You've Gone," "A Closer Walk with Thee," "Canal Street Blues" and "Down by the Riverside" (Nos. 39 and 40, 89c apiece). Continuing with Good Time Jazz, the clarinetist Joe Darensbourg, pianist Burt Bales, and a healthy singer, Jeanne Gayle, are pleasantly conspicuous in chamber revivals of "Doodle Doo Doo," and "Angry" (No. 35, 89c), while Mr. Bales stars in "Down Among the Sheltering Palms" and "Cake Walkin' Babies" (No. 36, 89c). This is the pleasant sort of music you might hear in any man's corner—if your host were lucky enough.

AS FRED RAMSEY pointed out in these pages just a year ago, the recording seas are now full of piracy. Take note, first of all, that pirated phonograph records are not illegal; there is no relevant copyright law. And before you hasten to brand pirated records as unethical, give a thought to certain cultural considerations. Many of the pirated discs are first-class items which are greatly desired by a small audience which cannot get copies from the record companies who own the masters. Presumably the situation is one which has become widely familiar in this mass-production age: the large mass-distribution organizations can handle, to their own satisfaction, only those large-selling items which have mass appeal. The pirate may be ethical or unethical, as you choose, but he is frequently engaged in offering time-tested, out-of-print works of art which the big recording interests have not felt it worthwhile to reissue.

We have received several excellent long-players, blithely labeled Jolly Roger ($3.35 apiece):

No. 5002: Bessie Smith—sumptuous blues by the empress of that territory.

No. 5010: Bix Beiderbecke and His Gang—small-band sides by the legendary-cornetist.

No. 5014: Louis Armstrong—middle-period works, including the lyrical-comic masterpiece "Lonesome Road," in the mode of a rural Negro church service.

No. 5015: Josephine Baker—songs in a delicious international style suggesting a Lucienne Boyer with a Harlem degree.

No. 5017: The Count and the President—delicate syncopations featuring Count Basie, pianist, Lester Young, saxophonist, and the fastidious Basie rhythm section.

No. 5018: Eddie Condon—twenty-year-old classic hot recordings, with much of clarinetist Pee Wee Russell.

—WILDER HOBSON.

Spawn of LP

The second instalment of C. G. Burke's series on the LP industry, this one concerned with Cetra-Soria, will be published next month.

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Arnold Schoenberg:

In Memoriam

LOS ANGELES.

IT HAD been known that Schoenberg was ill, that he had been in bed for months, but the shock of death was overwhelming. Schoenberg had always been; he was always there, in the background, apart from the social world of music and conductors' glamor, quietly teaching and composing, waiting for the foreground to melt away.

He once remarked, "No one wanted to be Schoenberg, so I decided to take the job." In practice, however, this cool understanding was not easy to keep. The abuse and neglect of musicians, the misunderstanding, and, as he thought, "exploitation" by his apostles had often driven him into a difficult corner. But those who knew him even slightly will not forget the kindness, the warmth, the wisdom, and the fact that "you" had real existence for him as "you" seldom have it with creative personalities. Schoenberg was humble. He was disturbed once when I jokingly called his Opus 28, a collection of contrapuntal dexterities, Schoenberg's "Musical Offering." He did not want to be proud before Bach.

Schoenberg's humility was that of a master in the real sense: he was the master of hundreds of pupils. He had been happy teaching in Los Angeles universities and had been very deeply upset at his retirement because of an arbitrary old-age law. His mastership, his experience and wisdom, and his greatness as man and teacher leave all who knew him with love and, if they were good students, with a technique that could not have been acquired through any other master.

The pupil-master relation one always had with Schoenberg explains the misunderstanding of his humility. He emphasized qualifications. You were flatly asked to demonstrate your knowledge, your ability. He once wrote a six-voice canon for Bernard Shaw, an admiring gesture. In the text he reminded Shaw that the author of the canon had qualifications.

Schoenberg's mind was creatively active at a furious pace. An exhibition of his paintings here some years ago showed a control of the medium, a real brushwork skill, and a fantastic imagination. He was constantly occupied with problems of music theory, with reform of notation, with mathematical theory (though here he was cabalistic), with all kinds of organization (he had drawn up a plan for Israeli government, another to solve traffic problems, another to revise tennis scoring).

There will be obituaries which will attempt to file him away. Who is qualified to "place" Schoenberg? We can only hope that musicians fifty years hence will at least know the music. Much of Schoenberg has never been played in the U. S. at all, including the crucial Opus 22 which had such an influence on Webern, the twelve-tone model works Opus 27 and 28, and the twelve-tone stage works. The most important scores, the concertos and the Variations, Opus 31, have been played but once or twice. The large twelve-tone works "Von Heute auf Morgen" and "Aaron and Moses" are unknown even to devout followers, while many other pieces remain blackboard music, studied but not performed.

The master had some joy and some satisfaction in his last days with an air-check recording of his Violin Concerto played by Tibor Varga in Baden-Baden. I heard it at Schoenberg's a week before his death and testify that this amazing performance pleased him considerably. There was also the news of Hermann Scherchen's very successful premiere on July 2 of Act II ("The Golden Calf") from "Aaron and Moses."

On the eve of Schoenberg's death I was at the house of a friend who had asked me to hear his performance of Schoenberg's Piano Suite, Opus 25. We happened to look through some of the master's letters and I was struck by one which expressed gratitude for a seventy-fifth anniversary concert which my friend had organized. Schoenberg said that behind this concert there was much warmth, that warmth mattered most to him, and because of this it was impossible to express his thanks because so much was expected of him.

If there was warmth, and in the case of anyone who knew him I think there was, it is impossible to express the loss of the man. The only sense that we can have of the loss of the musician is in the fact that no one knows how great he is.

—ROBERT CRAFT.

Robert Craft is a young American conductor who specializes in presenting neglected contemporary music.

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Recordings in Review

FFRR from Cincinnati

BERLIOZ: *"Nuits d'Eté." Suzanne Danco, soprano, and the Cincinnati Symphony directed by Thor Johnson.* (London LP 407. $5.95.)

ALFVEN: *"Midsummer Vigil";* GRIEG: *"Sigurd Jorsalfar." Orchestra as above.* (London LP 406, $5.95.)

SCHUBERT: *Symphony No. 3 in D;* J. C. BACH: *"Sinfonia for Double Orchestra." Orchestra as above.* (London LP 405, $5.95.)

TO VARY a cliché, the angels of FFRR have ventured where others have decided it is foolish to tread in giving American listeners a sample of their skills for the first time in a hall on this side of the Kingsway. Rather it should be termed "samples," for the three recordings vary considerably in aural aspect, ranging from a recognizable likeness of the cavernous Music Hall in Cincinnati—with its reverberation as remembered from various RCA enterprises—to a clean, well-controlled sound that might be almost any studio.

It is the most substantial and eagerly anticipated of the works—the Berlioz—which has the rather neutral studio sound, and for that we can be grateful. For it (to treat the six settings of Théophile Gautier lyrics as a collective unit) is a work of far too much inherent atmosphere to profit from the debatable properties of a specific auditorium. Like virtually all the unfamiliar Berlioz we have been hearing in the last year or two, it has absorbing musical interest from one bar to the next. Who knows, in three or four years we may have enough of a recorded literature of this infinitely versatile composer for one to say that he knows at least a representative amount of it.

The performance by Danco redresses more than a little, if not all, the damage to her reputation done by her unfortunate Town Hall appearance last spring. One is conscious at times of a little acidulous bite, a shrill edge in her vocal sound, but also—and much more consistently—of her really fine musical intelligence and sense of poetic line. I'd scarcely call Thor Johnson's direction of the score a magical evocation of mood, but he makes few false moves. The total may be termed satisfactory if not deeply satisfying.

Of the other two discs, the Alfven-Grieg pairing is distinctly the more successful, not alone as full-bodied specimens of reproduced sound in what might be called a super-Boston "Pops" style, but in the appropriateness of the method to the matter. The juicy resonance introduced in the unoffending J. C. Bach "Sinfonia" would be excessive for Strauss's "Don Juan," and if there is a degree less in the Schubert symphony, it is still too much. Neither shows Johnson as a distinguished stylist, though he obviously has the orchestra playing with zest and unflagging attention.

However, the Alfven and Grieg are war-horses of another color. Both the performing and recording forces seem to be working with more confidence, and the really superb performance of Alfven's colorful score leaps off the disc with startling vitality. Assuming that the FFRR technicians did not smuggle in juiced-up tapes from London, they have landed in force and have the situation well in hand. The heavy cannonading in the famous triumphal march of the Grieg suite ruffles them no more than the faintest pianissimo. I'd say a return engagement was in order, if only for more Alfven and Grieg.

Two by Schumann

SCHUMANN: *Symphony No. 1. Ernest Ansermet conducting the Suisse Romande Orchestra.* (London LP 391, $5.95.)

SCHUMANN: *Symphony No. 2. Eugen Papst conducting the Munich Philharmonic.* (Mercury LP 10082, $4.85.)

IF IT is enough for a recorded version of a well-loved work to summarize the composer's accomplishment candidly, clearly, with a minimum of interpretative pretense, Ernest Ansermet's performance of the Schumann First Symphony will long hold its place as a definitive likeness of this fresh and fervent score. It is conceivable that some aspects of it might have a broader accent, a touch more of tenderness, but in the context of his conception Ansermet has made an uncommonly persuasive case for himself. To complete an offering of unusual attractiveness, the recording could hardly be bettered for mellow, even-sounding tone.

Were paper sufficiently abundant, one might leave a gap of several inches here to convey graphically the gap that separates Papst from Ansermet. It is a plodding unvital notion of Schumann that he propounds, and the recorded sound has the wiry, flat quality that has become all-too-characteristic of Mercury's Munich offerings. Considering what has been done with originals much older than these, it is hard to understand why Mercury can't come closer to customary standards in sound, whatever the interpretative merits involved in a given disc.

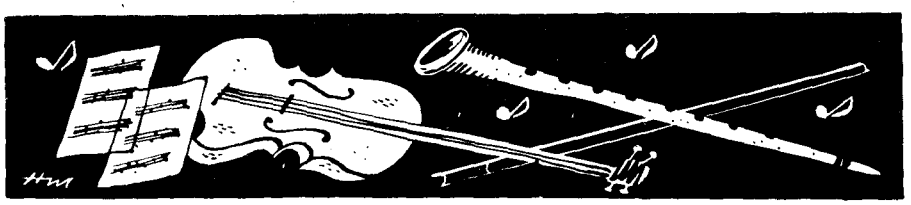
Hanson Is As Hanson Does

HANSON: *Concerto in G, Opus 36. Rudolf Firkusny, piano, with the Eastman-Rochester Symphony directed by Howard Hanson;* GRIEG: *"Holberg" Suite. Orchestra as above.* (Columbia LP 4403, $5.45.)

WERE HOWARD HANSON a Welshman, an Australian, or a Rooshian (to borrow W. S. Gilbert's spelling), one imagines he would have a wider vogue and a higher standing than is presently his in America. For his kind of frankly personal, unvarnished emotionalism is a little out of fashion in contemporary musical circles, where to be contemporary is often more highly valued than to be musical. However, in following without deviation his own inclination Hanson has shown a consistent artistic growth not at all common among native writers.

This concerto, for example, is what few creations in that genre (at any time) are—a piece of honestly felt, truly meant music, which conveys a mood and states a point of view as well as filling a form. The form, in fact, is decidedly amorphous; but the mood and the point of view are crystal clear. With the gifted Firkusny as his whole-hearted collaborator, Hanson has put into circulation a testament of his artistic faith which will be widely heard and, I think, as widely admired.

Both in the concerto and the accompanying "Holberg" Suite Columbia has outdone most of its previous standards in giving life and fulness to the sizable forces employed. Not only are



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the piano and orchestra separately superb, but the union is achieved with no sacrifice of individuality at any point. More than incidentally, the Grieg is an eloquent instance of interpretative art as well as a first-class specimen of reproductive science.

Gounod, Mozart, Verdi

GOUNOD: *"Faust." Eleanor Steber, Eugene Conley, Cesare Siepi, etc., with Metropolitan Opera Orchestra and Chorus conducted by Fausto Cleva.* (Columbia LP set 112, $16.35.)

MOZART: *"La Finta Giardiniera." Margot Guillaume, Elinor Junker-Giesen, Gertrud Jenne, Alfred Pfeifle, and Gustav Neidlinger, with the Ton-Studio Orchestra of Stuttgart conducted by Rolf Reinhardt.* (Period LP set 531, $17.85.)

VERDI: *"Don Carlos" excepts. Hilde Konetzni, Elizabeth Hoengen, Alois Pernerstorfer, Georg Oeggl, and Alexander Welitsch, with orchestra conducted by Erwin Baltzer.* (Capitol-Telefunken LP 8144, $4.98.)

TO SAY that this "Faust" is a faithful transcript of the kind of performances of Gounod's masterpiece that has been current at the Metropolitan for a decade or more is about the most damaging truth that could be written about it. This is, indeed, an oddity, for neither Conley, Siepi, nor Cleva have been identified with those prior to last season, and Steber is one of the better Marguerites the house has had in that time. However, it is all afflicted by such a deadening routine that one is convinced that the Metropolitan must start from scratch to create a new atmosphere for "Faust" or just let the public in on the secret that it can't do justice to it at this point in its history.

By the side of the Beecham "Faust" —which, if it didn't have too many voices for Gounod, at least had Beecham—this is stylistically static. Siepi should sing a stunning Mephistopheles —he has ample voice for it—but either the French text or the subtlety of the part baffles him. Conley's Faust does not find him in nearly so good vocal form as his London discs, and Steber shows little growth in her conception of this part after ten years. Columbia's technicians have done well with the matter offered. The fault is not with the baker, but with the ingredients.

Since virtually nothing is known of Mozart's "La Finta Giardiniera" in this country, Period's enterprise in getting together a cast to record it in Germany may be commended, if not the total result. The score has been abridged not only by the omission of the recitative, but also of half a dozen arias—for reasons not explained in the annotation. However, the twenty-odd numbers that make up the present sequence contain ample evidence why one contemporary critic should have prophesied, after hearing the premiere, that the nineteen-year-old Mozart "could become the greatest composer that ever lived." The writing for voices and orchestra has the purity of line, the jeweled smoothness of interaction that make the great later works unceasing joys. It also has dull stretches that the mature Mozart would not have allowed himself, plus subservience to some of the *opera buffa* conventions that mar "Die Entführing," which it resembles more than any other score. The performance on the whole is a spirited one, beginning with the good light touch of Reinhardt and progressing through a cast wholly unfamiliar but which contains several excellent singers. Most of the orchestral playing is good, though a few poor spots cry for re-recording.

Conley, Siepi, Steber, Cleva, Guarerra—"the fault is not with the baker."

Verdi in German—even "Don Carlos" —is a stylistic anachronism I can't condone, and none of the vocalists is sufficiently a virtuoso to be endorsed for purely physical feats. Included are "Dormiró sol," for which Pernestorfer doesn't have the proper low voice (and the Vienna orchestra doesn't have sufficiently expert horn players); the duet of Philip and the Inquisitor (the male Welitsch retains the "s" in his name which the female has dropped); the quartet of Elizabeth (Hilda Konetzni), Eboli (Elizabeth Hoengen), Philip, and Posa (Georg Oeggl); and "O Don Fatale," sung by Hoengen. Discounting the language and not too resonant, plainly dated recording, it makes a kind of dark-tinted pastiche which has its Verdian interest as pure sound.

The Dulcet Trombone

BEETHOVEN: *Sonata, Opus 17. Davis Shuman, trombone, and Sam Raphling, piano.* (Renaissance LP 31X, $5.95.)

IT DIDN'T require this recording to persuade persons within commuting distance of New York's Town Hall that Davis Shuman is a unique master of the trombone, but the experience may be a welcome one for those who have not heard one of his fantastic demonstrations of virtuosity there in the last few seasons. Even if he poaches on the sacred territory of his fellow brass instrumentalists by borrowing the sonata Beethoven wrote for French horn, he executes it with such skill that the offense against propriety may be excused. As a matter of fact, with the adept assistance of Sam Raphling, Shuman gives a demonstration of chamber-music style from which some eminent virtuosi of other instruments—the violin especially—might learn.

As might be expected, Shuman ekes out a second side of his LP with the imposing "Three Equali for Four Trombones," which Beethoven wrote in 1812, and a half dozen arrangements. Shuman's associates are not quite his equal in tonal abundance and rotundity, but they play very well nevertheless. Here, for certain, is one LP not likely to be duplicated soon.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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Recordings Reports: Classical LP's and Albums

See page 46 for Pop Roundup

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bach: Suites in B minor and D. Fritz Rieger and the Munich Philharmonic. Mercury LP 10068, $4.85.	Vigorous, often rough, performances lacking both subtlety and style of the order to challenge existing versions by Casals, Reiner, Münchinger, etc. Full-bodied recording, but wiry in the upper registers, gruff in the lower.
Bloch: Quintet. The Chigi Quintet. London LP 382, $5.95.	A work of character and quality in its first recording of the modern era, LP or otherwise. Beautifully defined playing by the Italian ensemble, powerfully reproduced.
Brahms: Concerto No. 2 in B flat. Elly Ney, piano, with Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Max Fiedler. Decca LP 9536, $5.85.	Ponderous, inflexible keyboard work by Mme. Ney, of which the only virtuous attribute is better recording than one would have imagined from the mid-Thirty date of origin. Neither Fiedler's conducting nor the orchestral playing are qualified reasons for the expense of processing this limping kind of performance to LP.
Brahms: "Variations and Fugue on a theme by Händel." Lubka Kolessa, piano. Concert Hall LP 1108, $5.95.	Oddly variable playing by Miss Kolessa, in which many lyric episodes are performed with attractive fluency and feeling, the more active ones rather brusquely fingered, with harsh tone. Spacing the work so that the fugue comes on the second side is no help. The remaining area is devoted to the Intermezzi in E flat and C sharp minor.
Bruch: Concerto in G minor. Alfredo Campoli, violin, with the New Symphony conducted by Royalton Kisch. London LP 395, $5.95.	Rather ostentatious favoritism to the violin in a work which, for all its virtuoso character, does have a symphonic warp. What one gets is only the exhibitionistic woof. Overside Campoli applies his silky tone and dexterous phrasing to the D minor Partita of Bach without challenging the standard of either Schneider or Enesco.
Gershwin: "An American in Paris" and "Rhapsody in Blue." Camarata conducting the Kingsway Symphony Orchestra. Decca LP 8519, $5.85.	Big, booming performances of the two favorite Gershwin works, with the American-born Salvador Camarata providing stylistic authority from the podium. However, the first is not so sharply outlined a performance as Leonard Bernstein's, the second (with Arthur Sandford as the able piano soloist) inferior in zest and appropriate breeziness to the Levant. As a pairing, however, it has its undobuted attractions, duplicating the Levant-Rodzinski coupling with substantially brighter sound.
Haydn: Symphony in D ("Clock"). Georg Reinwald conducting the Munich Philharmonic, Mercury LP 15018, $3.85.	One would be hard put to find any defensible reason for the appearance of this item, considering the existence of performance in all shades of quality by Ansermet, Toscanini, Busch, and Ormandy. This is loud, gritty in sound, and rather lax in Haydnesque manners.
Mozart: Concerto in B flat (K.595). Robert Casadesus, piano, with Philharmonic-Symphony conducted by John Barbirolli. Columbia LP 2186, $4.	This was no connoisseur's delight when it was new a dozen years ago and it has not mellowed in the interim. Presumably it has been restored to take advantage of the Casadesus reputation. A remake with a conductor more in sympathy with the pianist's mode of performance than Barbirolli was would have been better advised. One may question, too, the propriety of attaching to this recording the title of knighthood which "J.B." didn't acquire until a decade later.
Saint-Saëns: Concerto in G minor. Moura Lympany, piano, with the London Symphony directed by Jean Martinon. London LP 408, $4.95.	Saint-Saëns is not Beethoven, but his music is no less a stylistic challenge, which Miss Lympany does not quite meet in her confident but insufficiently informed way of playing it. Technical accomplishment is to her credit, but neither intuitive style nor acquired manner. Fine recording both of the piano and the orchestra.
Schumann: "Etudes Symphoniques." Lubka Kolessa, piano. Concert Hall LP 1111, $5.95.	As in the instance of the Brahms-Händel variations noted above, Miss Kolessa plays the lyric sections with breadth and evocative power but distorts the broader, more declamatory episodes with a hard overdriven tone and purely personal phrasing. However, the version is interesting for its inclusion of two variations not included by Schumann in the edition he approved for publication. Neither the best nor the worst piano reproduction. The C major Toccata fills out the second side.
Tchaikovsky: "Romeo and Juliet" and "Francesca da Rimini." Leopold Stokowski and the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra. Columbia LP 4381, $5.45.	Proudly proclamative performances brought together from previous pairings with Khatchaturian and Wagner items. The decision is both a shrewd and logical one, for neither work is likely to be better played in the near future, and the pairing settles any questions (temporarily, at least) about relative values in this repertory. Wonderfully realistic sound all through the tonal range.
Tchaikovsky: "Swan Lake." Roger Désormière conducting the French National Symphony Orchestra. Capitol LP 8140, $4.98.	A substantial series of excerpts from the Tchaikovsky score (about equal in quantity to previous LP's directed by Kostelanetz and Golschmann). However, it is not of the standard established by Désormière in his "Sylvia" and "Coppélia" efforts for London: less careful phrasing, not so vital direction in most respects. Neither the orchestral playing nor the recording are better than acceptable.
Weber: Concertos Nos. 1 and 2. Alois Heine, clarinet, with the Salzburg Mozarteum Orchestra. Period LP 529, $5.95.	This tidy package puts together, back-to-back for all time (or such proportion of that infinity as Period stays in business), the total writing of Weber in the concerto-for-clarinet category. Each score has its quota of affecting melodic writing and a good deal of virtuoso scrollwork which may be amusing to play but is something of a chore for the listener. Heine is a strong, assured instrumentalist with a rather old-fashioned approach to his specialty, yielding performances that are correct but rather pedagogic. Period's dependable level of mechanical work is sustained in both instances. —IRVING KOLODIN.
Beethoven: Sonata No. 26 ("Les Adieux"); "Eroica" Variations. Friedrich Gulda, piano. London LP 322, $5.95.	Coming so soon after Guiomar Novaës's distinguished recordings of "Les Adieux," Gulda's technically fluent performance is somewhat less impressive than it might otherwise have been. The reading is not very imaginative, and the reproduction is uneven. —A. B.
Mozart: "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik." Robert Heger conducting Bamberg Symphony. Mercury LP 10015, $4.85.	Mozartians who conceive of "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik" exclusively in chamber-music terms had better not look to the Bavarian town of Bamberg for an ideal exposition of K.525, for Heger favors a hearty complement of strings. Those of less puristic bent will find this a vitally paced performance, and quite adequately reproduced. Another notable serenade, Wagner's "Siegfried Idyll," occupies the overside, but the contribution of the Munich Philharmonic under Rudolf Albert is not calculated to erase older phonographic memories.
Mozart: Symphony No. 38. Hans Schmidt-Isserstedt conducting NWDR Symphony. Decca LP 9535, $5.85.	Schmidt-Isserstedt's sympathy for eighteenth-century style is as well evidenced here as in his earlier Haydn "Surprise." However, with all its merits, this emanation from Hamburg falls short, both in execution and conception, of the recent Beecham. —R. G.

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Martin, as in Remy

SOMEWHAT BELATEDLY, but nevertheless in advance of the concert hall, the phonograph is beginning to take notice of Frank Martin (pronounced Mar-tan, with accent on the second syllable, please), who is somewhat innocuously described on the jacket of the Concert Hall release as "one of the most interesting and most successful composers of western Switzerland." Were he no more than this, that attention might well be suspended indefinitely; but the evidence of the "Petite Symphonie Concertante" (London LP 390, $5.95; L'Oiseau Lyre LP 17, $4.95) and "Concerto for Seven Wind Instruments, Tympani, Percussion, and Strings" (Concert Hall LP 1109, $5.95) is that of a first-class musical workman and arresting musical imagination who has unaccountably languished for want of partisan promotion.

A judgment based on two works is necessarily incomplete, but the juxtaposition suggests a composer who, at the age of sixty-one, is still evolving. The "Petite Symphonie Concertante," dating from 1944-45, is a work of Fallalike neatness and craft (perhaps it is no more than the inclusion of the harpischord in an ensemble with the harp and two string orchestras that brings to mind the late Spanish master), which wears its Debussyian allusions quite candidly. In the "Concerto for Seven Wind Instruments, etc." the influence of the later Stravinsky—short phrases, repeated rhythmic patterns, opposed lyric and rhythmic fragments—is equally pronounced. In another period, we read, he was Schoenberg-susceptible to the extent of working with twelve-tone rows.

Whether this all adds to just another eclectic, one cannot yet assert; one would have to hear a few, at least, of the larger works (of which there are a number for full orchestra, a whole series of vocal creations, a piano concerto, etc.) before attempting to categorize him. It is a certainty, however, that he is a figure of musical importance to more than "western Switzerland," and these introductory recordings stimulate an interest for a better knowledge of his literature.

It is fortunate that each of them bears the stamp of authoritative interpretation (all originated in Switzerland); and especially fortunate that the London issue duplicates and improves upon a rather dim-sounding L'Oiseau Lyre venture. Added to its typically well detailed sound is a performance under Ernest Ansermet's direction which is much more compelling to the attention than the diffuse one of Victor Desarzens. The latter also conducts the "Concerto" for Concert Hall, and the more than adequate technique of its engineers with the Winterthur Orchestra provides redemption for his reputation.

The couplings of the twelve-inch London and Concert Hall issues (the ten-inch L'Oiseau Lyre disc is wholly devoted to the Martin "Petite Symphonie") merit more than cursory comment. In each instance a work of appropriate character has been added to make a homogeneous partnership; in the first instance it is the "Divertimento" made up of excerpts from Stravinsky's "Baiser de la Fée," in the second the brilliantly playful "Concerto for Flute" of Jacques Ibert. I am one of those benighted wights to whom the Tchaikovskian allusions in "Baiser" are more peculiar than entertaining, but the Ansermet performance is a persuasive one. Peter Lukas Graf is the flutist in the Ibert concerto, which was written for Marcel Moyse, and he does not make one regret the absence of the artist to whom it was dedicated. —THE EDITOR.

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Pop Roundup

A FEW YEARS ago the record industry managed to survive a short-lived phenomenon known as Nellie Lutcher. Miss Lutcher is still around, shouts her blue-tinged ditties and pounds a sort of jazz piano, but the novelty is gone and it seems that she was always closer to Tin Pan Alley than to Negro folk sources anyway. Now we have a true primitive called Piano Red (real name: Willie Perryman), who comes from the deep South. Single-handed (or is it double?) he has put RCA Victor back into the rhythm-and-blues market. Red's particular brand of piano could probably be called "honky-tonk," but that's a little mild. He assaults the instrument with a savagery ordinarily reserved for African war drums, and shouts with comparable fury. Only a handful of his discs are available, and of these the most impressive are the traditional THE WRONG YOYO (RCA 50-0106) and a thoroughly convincing JUST RIGHT BOUNCE (RCA 50-0118).

I've always filed contortion and harmonica-playing away under "Graceless Arts." Of the two only the latter is recorded, literally speaking. Worthy of note, however, is HARMONICA IMPRESSIONS by Eddy Manson (COL CL 6184). Manson, who won an Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge Award for composition in 1942, extracts a hauntingly beautiful tone from the little instrument. "Bali Ha'i" and "Our Waltz" are highlights in a tasteful, musical program.

Piano Plenitude

Oscar Peterson, the brilliant modern pianist, combines satire with pure invention in SALUTE TO GARNER (MER 8940), which should amuse the cognoscenti and please almost anyone. Another recent release is the recurrent HOW HIGH THE MOON, in a breath-taking performance (MER 8943) . . . The salutee, Erroll Garner, shows his fondness for the impressionists in two lovely sides for Atlantic, I'LL BE SEEING YOU (ATL 45-674) and SERENADE IN BLUE (45-675) . . . Kenny Kersey's SWEET LORRAINE (MER 8948) is a jazz gem snatched in the course of a Jazz at the Philharmonic concert . . .

For dancing, COCKTAIL TIME WITH FRANKIE CARLE is ideal. The pianist's relaxed, bouyant style is especially well cast in sixteen songs by Irving Berlin on three discs (RCA WP-305). Nothing more recent than "Easter Parade" is included . . . EADIE AND RACK, the sophisticated piano duo, provide the latest LP in Columbia's Piano Moods series (CL 6176). Nine familiar show tunes, including Rodgers's "My Funny Valentine" and Kern's "Waltz in Swingtime," are offered in tasteful arrangements.

Dance Discs

American bands play rumbas, so why shouldn't Latin bands play fox trots? Luis Arcaraz, a Mexican maestro, excels at the Yankee form, and even puts most of our domestic products to shame. A late coupling features TOO YOUNG and BECAUSE OF RAIN (RCA 51-5480), both instrumentals . . . Four instrumental sides by Russ Morgan are especially danceable. One is MY ROMANCE (DEC 27617), and another is the easy-going SOPHISTICATED SWING (DEC 27629) . . . Guy Lombardo's WONDER WHY (DEC 27640) has a fine new song and near-perfect rhythm in its favor.

Swing style: Columbia has been making quite an effort to bring back some key figures of the Swing Era. It's difficult to tell the new sides from the reissues, and most are good to hear. Tune revivals have cued the recoupling of WANG WANG BLUES by the Benny Goodman Sextet and the Rodgers-Hart IT NEVER ENTERED MY MIND by the orchestra (COL 4-39478). DOWN SOUTH CAMP MEETING is the old Henderson arrangement in a bright, new recording by BG (COL 4-39416) . . . Harry James, when he works at it, can be one of the great jazzmen. TANGO BLUES is an example (COL 4-39419) . . . Count Basie's LITTLE PONY (COL 39406) features two highly-competitive tenor saxophones and is a thoroughly exciting romp.

Film Fare

M-G-M has done a better-than-usual dubbing from the sound-track of RICH, YOUNG, AND PRETTY (MGM E-86). It's fortunate, because this is a better-than-usual film score, and Jane Powell sings pleasantly. Danielle Darrieux and Fernando Lamas handle the Gallic touches with appropriate charm. Among the tunes are "Dark Is the Night" ("C'Est Fini"), "Wonder Why," "We Never Talk Much," and the revival "There's Danger in Your Eyes, Cherie." —BILL SIMON.

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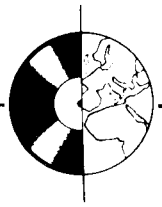
THE OTHER SIDE

(IMPORTED RECORDINGS)



LONDON.

THE MAJOR contribution to the month's 78-rpm publications comes, curiously enough, from Decca. With the assistance of the British Council they have given us a most enjoyable Anthology of Early English Keyboard Music, a selection of twelve discs containing music for harpsichord, virginals, clavichord, and organ, waxed under the artistic direction of Robert Donington. It seems that the British Council is determined to make the music of England's Golden Age better known around the world (and in Britain, no doubt) and to this end we already possess collections of madrigals (HMV) and of church music (Columbia). The present anthology is confined to music written during the late sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries and it includes compositions by such celebrated masters as William Byrd, Giles Farnaby, Orlando Gibbons, Thomas Weelkes, John Bull, and Thomas Tomkins (the last of the great Elizabethans, who died in 1656), as well as some of lesser fame like Robert Johnson, Martin Peerson, and Peter Philips. The artists who took part in this most stimulating venture are Thurston Dart (harpsichord and clavichord), Elizabeth Goble (harpsichord and virginals), Geraint Jones (organ), and Robert Donington (viola da gamba); the recordings are on the whole splendid, though delicate instruments such as the clavichord tend to lose some of their intimate charm when amplified in order to surmount surface hiss.

HMV's August list consists of odds and ends, such as Beecham's thrilling account of the Love Scene from Strauss's "Feuersnot"; a beautiful Concerto Grosso by Handel (Op. 6, No. 5, in D major) played with fine tone but not always impeccable style by the Philharmonia Strings under Markevitch (the harpsichord mentioned on the label was evidently intended to fulfill a purely decorative function, for it is scarcely ever audible); the "Rhapsodie Espagnole" by Liszt, in Busoni's arrangement for piano and orchestra, impressively played by Gina Bachauer and the New London Orchestra, with recording to match. Elgar's "Cockaigne" Overture, in which the composer managed to blend the lyrical tenderness of his "Serenade for Strings" with the suave swagger of a "Pomp and Circumstance" march (as befits a musical portrait of London), receives a solid and efficient performance at the hands of Sir John Barbirolli and the Hallé Orchestra, but HMV's recording of it is no match for Decca's superb issue of about eighteen months ago.

Columbia features a most unusual work, the Concerto for Guitar and Orchestra by Mario Castelnuovo-Tedesco. The composer has solved the tricky question of balance in admirable fashion, but the music does not amount to more than a diverting trifle, despite the beautiful playing of Andrès Segovia, who is tactfully supported by the New London Orchestra. Sir Arthur Sullivan died fifty years ago last autumn, which means that his music is no longer covered by copyright (fortunately for the D'Oyly Carte family, W. S. Gilbert survived him and the Savoy operas as a whole remain their exclusive province for some years yet). Charles Mackerras was one of the first to make use of Sullivan's new-found freedom, and his ballet "Pineapple Poll" (arranged for Sadlers Wells, where Mackerras is a staff conductor) is based on some of Sullivan's gayest music. The score has been recorded by the Sadlers Wells Orchestra, who make up in spirit what they lack in finesse.

Chamber music is still in some respects the Cinderella of the gramophone. It is a disgraceful state of affairs that out of Beethoven's sixteen string quartets, only half that number can be purchased in this country. HMV's issue, none too soon, of the A major (Op. 18, No. 5), played superbly—if with insufficient warmth—by the Paganini Quartet, is very welcome. With the Gigue and the Allemande, Gioconda de Vito has at long last completed her recording of Bach's D minor Partita which she began with the Chaconne well over two years ago—an extraordinary procedure. Her playing may be too romantic to some ears, but I find the warmth and sincerity of her fiddling, as well as her superb intonation, very much to my liking. While many pianists of greater fame than Halina Stefanska play fast and loose with Chopin, this young Polish artist quietly turns out one flawless Chopin record after another. The latest contains the Polonaise No. 4 in C minor, Op. 40, and her performance is both accomplished and intensely musical.

—THOMAS HEINITZ.

SEPTEMBER RELEASES

BEETHOVEN
SYMPHONY NO. 7 IN A, OP. 92
Orchestra of the Vienna State Opera
Conducted by Hermann Scherchen
WL 5089

•

TSCHAIKOVSKY
"SOUVENIR de FLORENCE"
String Orchestra of the Vienna State Opera
Conducted by Henry Swoboda
WL 5083

•

MOZART
STRING QUINTET, G MINOR, K. 516
Amadeus String Quartet
Cecil Aronowitz (2nd viola)
WL 5086

•

SCHUBERT
DIE WINTERREISE
Victor Carne (Tenor) Gerald Moore (Pianist)
WL 5087-88

•

BEETHOVEN
SONATA IN F-SHARP MAJOR, OP. 78
SONATA IN E MAJOR, OP. 14, NO. 1
SONATA IN A FLAT, OP. 110
Kurt Appelbaum (Pianist)
WL 5090

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RECORDS

Make Your Own LP's

WE RECORD collectors sometimes draw the scorn of practising musicians—along with music teachers and musicologists—for our sheer passivity. Those who can't make music, they mutter, just listen to it. Or read about it.

They have a point. Some participation in a bit of music making is an excellent idea for any of us, if only in a chorus or via a few piano lessons. We can be active, too, on the technical side and plenty of us are "doing," most actively, in the building of better and better high-fidelity outfits. But making your own records—and I mean "real" records, vinylite, LP, and all—is a practical group activity that not nearly enough of us know about. It's very much worth investigating. If you can dispose, among your friends and relatives and associates, of from fifty to a hundred copies of a standard-type LP record that may be of as fine a quality as anything on the market, yet at a price not more, but considerably *less* than the usual retail price— then you're "in business" (privately) and you may very easily pay yourself back and more in the deal. The increment of pleased pride and heightened morale is incalculable.

Tape recording and LP, changing everything else, have also quietly revolutionized the custom field. Tape recording is everybody's hobby now, or is well on its way, and relative to the old disc method it is miraculously easy and foolproof. Tape editing (do it yourself, or have the processing company do it for you at a reasonable extra charge) allows you to assemble your very best efforts, eliminate boners and howlers and other embarrassments; no longer must everything be perfect at once. If you can dig up a tape recorder in good operating condition and a bit of know-how to go with it, you're off, and it's fun. Not a whit more exhausting than, say, a local-talent band or choral concert, an amateur dramatics effort or a church bazaar.

Take, for instance, a recent letter to this department, accompanying a blue-label LP record:

> This LP record was made from tapes recorded at concerts of the Plainfield (N. J.) Mendelssohn Glee Club during the past year . . . using a single cardioid microphone in a filled auditorium of rather poor acoustics. The machine was a Concertone. I would like to emphasize that the singers are strictly amateurs, singing for fun. The recording "technicians" were amateurs too, operating for the first time as such —and you will no doubt hear our mistakes.
>
> The reason I am sending you this record . . . is to point out the rather surprising results which can be obtained under the conditions outlined above. I do not believe the remarkable services Columbia Transcriptions provides are very widely appreciated. I had never seen them advertised or even mentioned anywhere, and after digging out the details necessary to getting the record pressed, I was amazed at the moderate cost . . . I should appreciate any comments you may have.

There was no need for apology. My comment is simple—this is one of the finest choral recordings on LP I have ever heard! The few technical boners are easily overlooked—too sudden changes in recording level, as the chorus suddenly sings loud, and such. Here, evidently, is the cream of a whole series of recordings, edited and patched together. If I guess right, the Mendelssohn Glee Club has provided its members with something like three quarters of an hour of song on this LP at less cost than the equivalent in store-bought LP music and with a modest profit for the organization over and above costs—the local "technicians", not to speak of the musicians, being strictly for free. (Note: This is *not* a commercial recording and is not for public sale.) A great success. This is merely one of numerous such ventures, some educational, some semi-commercial, that have come to my attention or that I have been involved in myself.

What to record? Don't count on any project that will absorb less than fifty or sixty copies; processing is uneconomical for less than this. The obvious first field is choral music, glee club and choir alike. The subject is highly suitable, the choir members, their families and friends and audience make a fine "market." Amateur instrumental music is possible too—but look out for boners; nothing exaggerates bad performance more hideously than a professional looking record, perhaps because of the implied comparison with top-quality commercial performance. And look out for copyright and union restrictions. Dramatics are good meat for LP recording at length, if sufficient absorbing audience can be found. Any memorable occasion that is also recordable, a commemorative service, a much-heralded speech, a convention or banquet, is subject matter for a privately pressed LP. Educational use is a vast field in itself but perhaps beyond our present scope.

—EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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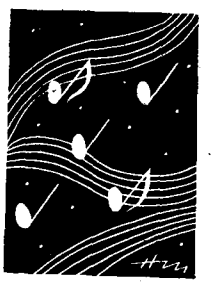
Singers, Past and Present

IT DIDN'T TAKE much prescience to predict, when LP was new, that long works would benefit enormously from its primary advantage of continuity and that music of shorter duration would suffer, even more than proportionately. That its subordinate advantages of cheapness, durability, and mechanical flexibiliity would benefit any aspect of the 78-rpm repertory which was *obsolete* as of 1948 didn't occur to even the boldest thinkers. Compare the status of some admittedly great vocal discs then and now, however, and it must be conceded that the Lord works in mysterious ways his wonders to perform.

The earthly emissaries of Providence, for example, who control the destiny of such singers as Conchita Supervia, Richard Tauber, and Joseph Schmidt have passed another technical miracle to produce another series of revived and revivified discs which no enthusiast for *la bella voce* will willingly be without. To the earlier issues of Supervia have now been added a series of Rossini episodes ("Barbiere," "L'Italiana in Algeri," and "Cenerentola" are the sources) which show this dazzling artist at her most corruscating. Whether its Rossini's "Una voce poca fa" or Cenerentola's "Non più mesta," the lively art of the short-lived mezzo (she was only in her mid-thirties when she died in 1936) makes character studies as well as vocal phenomena of these show pieces. Musically, the most interesting revelation is Rossini's *original* version of the "Lesson Scene" in "Il Barbiere," which has a dramatic pertinence not approached by any of the now-conventional interpolations (Decca LP 9533, $5.85).



All the revivals of Richard Tauber have not been impeccably artistic— no more than all of any evening with this enthusiastic and sometimes headstrong artist was impeccably artistic—but the composite image is certainly life-size and authentic. In the famous symposium called "Das Deutsche Volkslied" (Decca LP 9537, $5.85) the encompassing art of this amazing vocalist accommodates itself to the relatively undemanding requirements of the folk songs in a manner wholly to his credit. Whether singing "Ach, wie ist's moglich dann," "Du, du liegst mir im Herzen," or a non-Schubert version of "Heidenröslein," Tauber gives an impression of reserve power, of always singing within himself, which induces the listener to relax along with him, though the basic art is as taut and resilient as a steel spring. Mischa Spoliansky is the pianist, and the reproduction is better than anyone could believe possible.

Joseph Schmidt's tragic death in a Swiss internment camp in 1943 left the vaguest kind of memory of a very small man with a remarkably big voice and potent top tones, which a scattering of reissues in the last few years has not contradicted. Decca 9538 ($5.85) testifies also to his remarkable interpretative ardor not only in a series of excerpts from Viennese operettas by Strauss and Lehar, but also in such Neapolitan favorites as "Mattinata," "Santa Lucia," "Maria, Mari," and "Funiculi-Funicula" which would seem far from his native Roumanian heath, or hearth. I found them not only entertaining but also absorbing, which is saying much for any tenor's singing of Neapolitan songs.

In the contemporary dimensions the month's vocal output matches the exceptional with the ordinary in performances by Kathleen Ferrier and the Vienna Philharmonic directed by Bruno Walter of Mahler's "Kindertotenlieder" (Columbia ML 2187, $4) and Lydia de Ibarróndo, mezzo, of Falla's "Seven Popular Spanish Songs" (Columbia ML 2189, $4). Not only is Miss Ferrier in magnificent voice in this Mahler cycle, but one seems to sense a new power on her part to externalize her feelings, to make the inward beauty of her conception even more palpable than formerly. Possibly Walter has a part in this, or association with the Vienna ensemble another part (it plays with an almost personal emotional conviction), but the consequence is as warming as sunshine not to say as right as rain. (RCA Victor has a Marian Anderson version pending which tends to withhold—if only temporarily—the stamp of finality from the present issue.) In her disc debut, De Ibarrondo exercises a powerful if insufficiently disciplined voice in rather straightforward, unsubtle singing of the Falla songs. Since the choice Supervia performance is once more available (Decca LP 7510), there is little attraction in an inferior, if louder, compromise. Overside Miss De Ibarrondo sings strongly in half a dozen songs by Miguel Sandoval, who accompanies. Several are quite charming.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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With a French Accent

A PREVAILING opinion would have it that composers are inferior executants of their own music, though to sustain this dubious thesis it is necessary to allow many exceptions: Wagner and Liszt in the fairly remote past, Strauss and Rachmaninoff within living memory, Stravinsky and Poulenc among our contemporaries. The latter's keyboard prowess is put at the service of three "Mouvements Perpetuels," a Nocturne in D, and the "Suite Française" in Columbia's new Meet the Composer series (LP 4399, $5.45). Of these three works preponderant interest attaches to the Gervais-inspired "Suite," probably Poulenc's best writing to date for solo piano. His playing of the "Pavane" section provides an object lesson in endowing chords with flowing movement, and his zestful rhythm in the "Petite marche militaire" is a potent musical translation of the word "élan."

On the reverse Poulenc addresses himself to piano music by his erstwhile mentor, Erik Satie, and with equally impressive results. Included are the hitherto unrecorded "Descriptions automatiques," "Avant-dernières pensées," and "Croquis et agaceries d'un gros-bon homme en bois," as well as the somewhat more familiar "Sarabande No. 2," "Gnossienne No. 3," and "Gymnopédie No. 1." I remain most partial to the last, the haunting harmonies of which once heard can never be forgotten. Some pianists find this music "empty"; Poulenc unlocks its meaning and discloses a richness of sentiment. Columbia has tendered a handsome invitation with its Meet the Composer series (another disc features Stravinsky-directed recordings previously available on 78 rpm—LP 4398, $5.45), and more acquaintances of this order will be welcome.

Posterity must decide what of Darius Milhaud's copious output is enduring original expression and what is mere adroit manufacturing. We can only guess; but this writer will go out on a limb and predict longevity for "La Cheminée du Roi René," a suite for woodwind quintet fashioned in 1942 from Milhaud's earlier score for the film "Cavalcade d'Amour." A world that still finds pleasure in "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik" can hardly be deaf to "La Cheminée" with its analogous aspects of grace and concision. Seven short movements are crowned by a noble "Madrigal Nocturne," which seems to lament a departed sweetness of life. Also included on this well-conceived disc are a "Pastorale" (1936) and the Sonata for Flute, Oboe, Clarinet, and Piano, a product of Milhaud's youth—when he was more inclined to strew his path with harmonic brambles (EMS LP 6, $5.95). A sovereign command of tone, technique, and style is evidenced in the playing of the New York Woodwind Quintet.

The same ensemble performs equally well on another offering, entitled "French Woodwind Music" (Esoteric LP 505, $5.95). Here, however, these native players tackle less rewarding vehicles for their collective talent. I grant that anyone passionately addicted to the sound of blended reeds will find continuing absorption in the dextrously written Quintet by Paul Taffanel (1844-1908) and the "Variations on a Free Theme" by Eugène Bozza, a Parisian contemporary. Others, with less specialized tastes, may hear no more than the discourse of five instruments tooting busily but aimlessly.

PURSUING a chronological path in reverse, we come next to the "Chansons Madécasses"—Ravel at his most "difficult." It may well be, as Pierre Boulez surmises, that these songs were directly influenced by Schoenberg's "Pierrot Lunaire"; they spring, in any case, from a similarly daring esthetic environment, and an environment in which Ravel was ill at ease. As an artisan second to none, Ravel could never compose a really poor piece of music, but in these bitter and discordant "Madagascan Songs" he does not speak with his true voice. Jennie Tourel's earthy temperament, accurate musicianship, and perfect diction produce together an interpretation that will be hard to surpass (Columbia LP 2184, $4). The reverse is given over to Debussy's "Trois Chansons de Bilitis," the jacket to excellent translations.

A coupling of Ravel's "Gaspard de la Nuit" and "Le Tombeau de Couperin" is more remarkable for fine reproduction of piano sound than for the interpretive merits of Bernhard Weiser (REB LP 8, $5.95). So long as the music is fast and brilliant ("Ondine" in "Gaspard," the Toccata in "Le Tombeau") this young American pianist leaves little to be desired. Elsewhere Weiser gives insufficient attention to color; he does not yet command the twenty-seven kinds of touch enmerated by Gil-Marchex as necessary for "Le Gibet." Walter Gieseking's playing of the "Images" (Books I and II) by Debussy has all the brilliance and luminosity expectable of this artist (Columbia LP 2188, $4). Those who already own the admirable Arrau version need not feel obliged to discard it. However, a choice between the two for first purchase clearly must go to Gieseking by reason of his more supple phrase modelling and glowing range of tone.

"Hippolyte et Aricie" was Rameau's first opera and the work that launched his ascendancy, at the age of fifty, to the dominant position in French musical life which he held for the next three decades until his death. As documentation the excerpts from Acts III, IV, and V gathered together on L'Oiseau Lyre LP 10 ($5.95) have value. But anyone hoping to find here an experience akin to "Les Indes Galantes" (as recorded in occupied Paris by Discophiles Français) is in for disappointment. The singing ranges from mediocre to abysmal. Only when Désormière and his unidentified orchestra have the field to themselves does this record give pleasure.

Having garnered considerable critical praise for his collection of Renaissance Italian and Spanish lute songs, Hugues Cuenod offers this month a recital of French and English songs from the same period (Westminster LP 5085, $5.95). Again, the material is absorbing, the artistry persuasive. A further entry in the Anthology of Middle Age and Renaissance Music brings an LP devoted to secular works by Guillaume Dufay (EMS LP 206, $5.95), music that reflects the sweet serenity of medieval tapestries. These performances, Belgian in origin, under the direction of Safford Cape have an engaging archaic air, which is not to be confused in this instance with a pedantic air. The sound is mellow—and somehow the microphone manages to transmit the *ambience* of a large oak-beamed chamber, hung with tapestries, and illuminated by the diffuse light of stained-glass windows.

—ROLAND GELATT.

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Letters to the *RECORDINGS* Editor

Brahms by Huberman?

SIR: I've become quite devoted to the playing of Bronislaw Huberman and regretted that he never recorded the Brahms Concerto. Recently a dealer told me that such a recording did exist; it was made around 1927 for Odeon, with Huberman accompanied by the Berlin Philharmonic and a son of Nikisch conducting.

EUGENE BENKER.

North Bergen, N. J.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *If Huberman made such a recording, Odeon kept it very quiet, and it has remained unknown since. Confirmed Huberman admirers, in and out of the* SRL *purlieus, can offer no recollecton of it, nor is there any thing to indicate that it was recorded but not released. If better information exists elsewhere on this point, we would all like to know about it.*

Decca's LP's

SIR: Could you please tell me what company (or companies) made the long-play phonograph record album that Decca employed when they issued the Boyce eight symphonies, the "Music of the Orient," etc?

J. GILLEN.

Swampscott, Mass.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The two cases are very different. The Boyce symphonies originated with the domestic Decca company, which utilized an ensemble of Boston Symphony men for the performing group and did the recording specifically for LP in Symphony Hall. The "Music of the Orient," along with numerous other records specifically designated, are re-creations in LP form of European masters, some of English "Parlophone" origin, others from the "Deutsche Grammophon" catalogue.*

We'll Soon Have a Ball

SIR: In reference to a letter in RECORDINGS [*SRL* July 28], may I state that there will be a complete version of Verdi's "Un Ballo in Maschera" available around September 1. Recorded on three LP's, the records feature Maria Caniglia, Carlo Tagliabue, Cloe Elmo, and Galliano Masini, with the orchestra and chorus of the Opera Roma conducted by Gino Marinuzzi. The label is "Classic Editions."

I. KRATKA.

New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Our first thought was that this must be a restoration on LP of a famous old version originally circulated by "La Voce del Padrone," the Italian affiliate of HMV. However, the documents show that while Caniglia did sing in that one, and the Opera Roma forces were involved, Serafin was the conductor, and Gino Bechi, Fedora Barbieri, and Beniamino Gigli were the other leading singers. We wait then for "Classics" contribution, and hope that it is a classic.*

A Vote for Strauss

SIR: I agree with the letter published in RECORDINGS [*SRL* July 28] in which a plea is made for an LP version of the "Symphonia Domestica." . . . Is there a chance, also, that RCA may issue its version of "The Seasons" by the Dallas Symphony and Dorati? How about Glière's "Ilya Mourometz?"

WILLIAM J. BARCLAY.

Brookline, Pa.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Considering the rate at which the LP catalogue has been a-building, any and all additions are not only possible, but probable. Whether "The Seasons" would be, in its present version, considered priority matter for LP we can't determine from the RCA copyright owners at this vacation season; but this and the other items mentioned would seem likely to appear on any list one of these days. Incidentally, the Glière Symphony is available on a Capitol LP.*

Up to Date Glyndebourne?

SIR: What are the chances of new recordings from this year's Glyndebourne Festival, which has been generally described in enthusiastic terms? I speak especially of "Idomeneo," which, I read recently, Ernest Newman endorsed as the best of the many fine productions Carl Ebert has done for Glyndebourne.

WILLIAM MARTIN.

New Orleans, La.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *With one full-length "Idomeneo" already on LP in the original version and another in the revision of Wolf-Ferrari, Glyndebourne (and its record affiliate, HMV) has not been overly disposed to a duplication. However, there will be a lengthy sample, à la last year's "Cosi fan tutte," on the American market during the winter. Several of the big ensemble and solo scenes were recorded in early July, with Fritz Busch conducting and Sena Jurinac, Richard Lewis, Birgit Nilsson, Leopold Simoneau, etc., in the parts they sang during the festival.*

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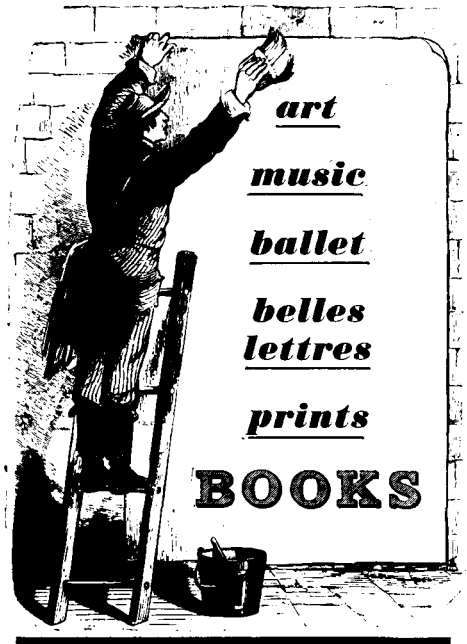

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